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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXII
No. 2375
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
JULY 28 1945

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Highland honours

How and why the picturesque custom of giving a toast with "Highland honours" arose seems to be lost in antiquity — perhaps some Gaelic authority can enlighten us.

But here is the manner of it.

The Chairman rising and putting his left foot on his chair and his right on the table proposes a health with Highland honours. All the company rise and follow the Chairman's example, he then gives the following orders.

"Suas e Suas e Suas e" (up with it)
the whole company raise glasses above their heads

"Sios e Sios e Sios e" (down with it)
glasses lowered to breast level

"Null e Null e Null e" (thither with it)
all glasses held out the full extent of the arm

"Nall e Nall e Nall e (hither with it)
all glasses brought back to the face

The glasses are then drained completely (no heel taps), three loud cheers given and the name of the person toasted shouted. "A ris a ris" (again, again) brings a finale in an extra cheer and for especially honoured toasts glasses are flung over the left shoulder and smashed.

Schweppes★ *Table Waters*
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★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes will return.

Volume CLXXXII No. 2375 The SPHERE, London, July 28, 1945

THE SPHERE
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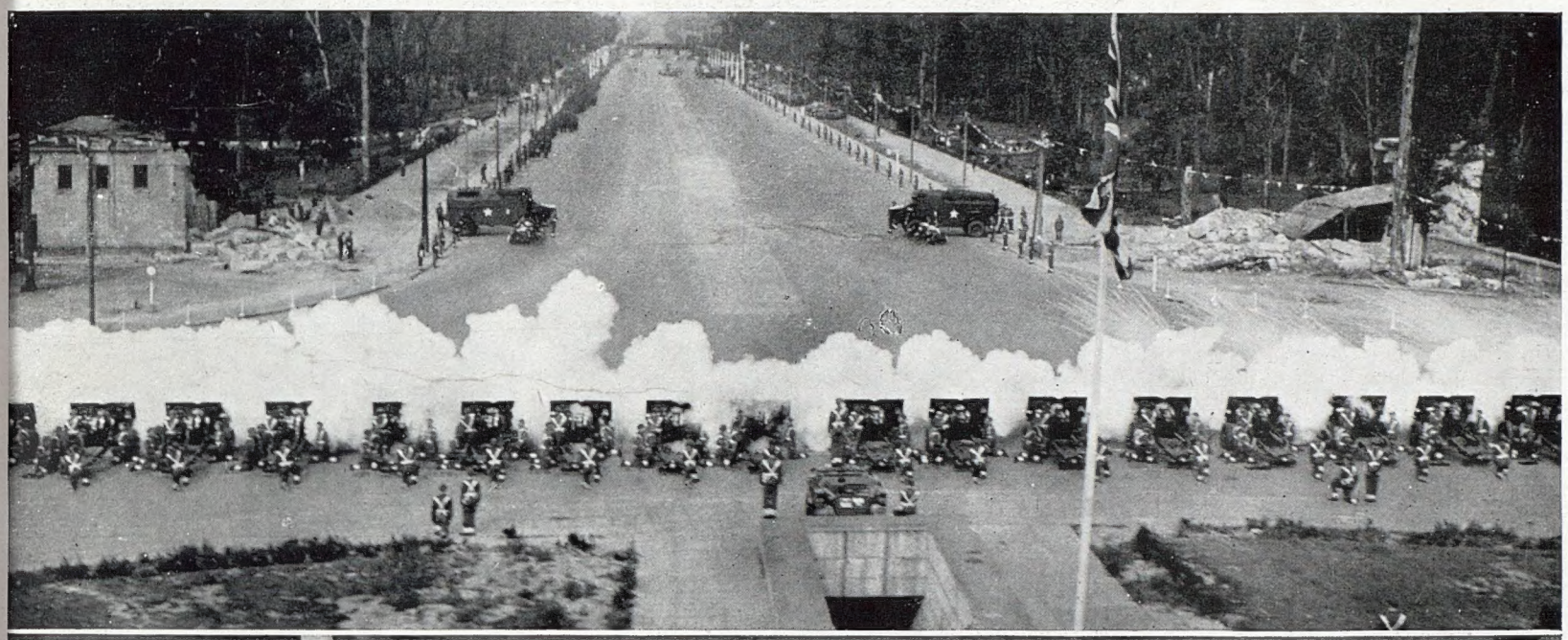

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE GREAT VICTORY PARADE IN BERLIN: IN THE UPPER PICTURE, GUNS OF THE THIRD REGIMENT, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, HAVE JUST FIRED THE VICTORY SALUTE AS MR. CHURCHILL ARRIVED BACK AT THE SALUTING BASE AFTER INSPECTING THE RANKS BEFORE THE PARADE. IN THE LOWER PICTURE, THE PRIME MINISTER IS SEEN ON THE STAND IN THE TIERGARTEN: with him are Field-Marshal Montgomery, Field-Marshal Alexander and Mr. Anthony Eden. Behind Montgomery is Sir Henry Maitland Wilson: behind and to the left of the Premier is Lieut.-General Sir Hastings Ismay

On Saturday last, July 21, the British Prime Minister stood in the heart of Berlin watching members of the British fighting forces march in Victory through the streets of the conquered German capital. Mr. Churchill took the salute with the British Generals and Chiefs of Staff beside him and with representatives of the Allies. Even the people of Berlin cheered and clapped the martial display. The Parade was a triumph for the "Desert Rats"—the men of the Seventh Armoured Division, whose glorious pilgrimage from Alamein to Berlin will go down in history as a campaign without a parallel—or a defeat through thousands of miles on two continents

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 308

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Long-drawn-out Election.—The General Election is at last, for all purposes, a thing of the past. Next week will be time enough to assess and comment on the results which are the red-hot, hour-by-hour news-items of the moment. Bathos, thrill, bathos, thrill. The campaign was bathos, following as it did (scurrilously and bitterly) the nobler spirit of the war years. It lashed itself into something of a thrill just before polling day. Then followed three long weeks of utter bathos. Those three weeks conceived a little election within an Election, two of the candidates dying before they knew their election fate. As July 26 approached, bathos once more gave place to Election fever, and certainly the "tapes" and broadcasts provided thrills and sensations a-plenty. But the three-weeks lull will be remembered by me, at least, as a vacuum period rare in my experience. Our chief "caretakers" were at Potsdam, or on holiday recruiting for Potsdam, where the destinies of the world were shaping for good or ill; and at home I personally never felt less "governed." It was as if, in a welter of difficulties and doubts and unsolved problems, we were dragging along without steerage-way, without an anchor, without a pilot, in a stormy sea, under a black sky, broadside on, go-as-you-please, *sauve-qui-peut*. I trust we may never feel so leaderless again. No General Election ever did worse service to the name of Government or to the reputations of Parliament, politicians and British politics.

Potsdam Fine.—To tap Virgil for prophecy is one thing—that has long and honourable traditions. To tap the songs from the comic shows of our own day is a more dubious source. Nevertheless, of late that "classic couplet" of the First World War has been running in my head: "When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine, Everything will be *Potsdam* fine." Well, we have at long last wound up that watch . . . to rights! And now for Potsdam fineness and finality. If this couplet is not prophetic, confidence-making, ideal-setting, a guide and an inspiration, what is the value of words or the use of song- or libretto-writers? The couplet should be printed as a text and hung over the seats of the Mighty Three, in Russian and in English. It has taken roughly seventy-five years to wind up the watch, and the job was costly. On the agenda at Potsdam are items which a century of diplomacy and hard fighting have totally failed to settle or wind up. Nevertheless, all prophecy worth the name prophesies the impossible; and unless the impossible comes true, civilisation itself is impossible. So Mr. Truman has kicked off the ball which somehow or other must be driven into the net, and not over the touch-line. God speed!

Set-back at Simla?—It was distressing news of the failure of the Viceroy's Conference. How easy to lash out, to blame the small-mindedness of Mr. Jinnah, to declare that any solution towards self-government for India is proved finally impossible, so long, etc. . . . But, in truth, was it a set-back? Was it not a very great advance which achieved two great results: (1) The agreement of all parties in India that a great, selfless, strong liberal, far-sighted, wise, impartial and humane Viceroy has emerged, and remains, watching, waiting and hoping, with a reputation as high as any in the annals of Viceroys? (2) The admission (*tacitly* made) by the hotheads and "ready writers" at home or outside India that the difficulties inherent in this problem of self-government are so abstruse, so many-sided, so controversial, so vitally felt by the chief parties concerned, that silence, restraint and a spirit of hope and faith and conciliation are the only possible attitude to adopt in regard to the news of the first failure? There are other grounds as well for the view that this is at least a "set-back" in the right direction. It has blown away a lot of the fogs of mistrust, misunderstanding and ignorant cocksureness. It has cleared the air. The purity of British motives has been vindicated, the difficulties which face the chief parties in India have been underlined.

A NEW GERMAN SECRET WEAPON FOUND AT NORDHAUSEN—The Schmettering—a guided projectile capable of 600 m.p.h. This is a view of an anti-aircraft projectile designed by Professor Wagner and reconstructed from components found at Nordhausen, site of one of the infamous German "Horror Camps," where mass production of the missile was about to begin. It is launched from the ground and directed against attacking aircraft by radio-control. It is claimed that it can reach a height of 50,000 ft. and has a range of 20 miles. The inventor, Professor Wagner, was previously employed by the Junkers firm as chief designer, and was responsible for the Ju. 87 Stuka and Ju. 88 dive-bomber. He stated that the accuracy of the radio-control was such that it was hoped to shoot down one bomber for each projectile fired from the ground. On the approach of the Allied Armies, Professor Wagner was ordered by the S.S. to proceed to South-Eastern Germany, and a car was provided for this trip. But by that time the Professor was convinced of an ultimate Allied victory, and hid in a cave until the liberating troops had occupied the area

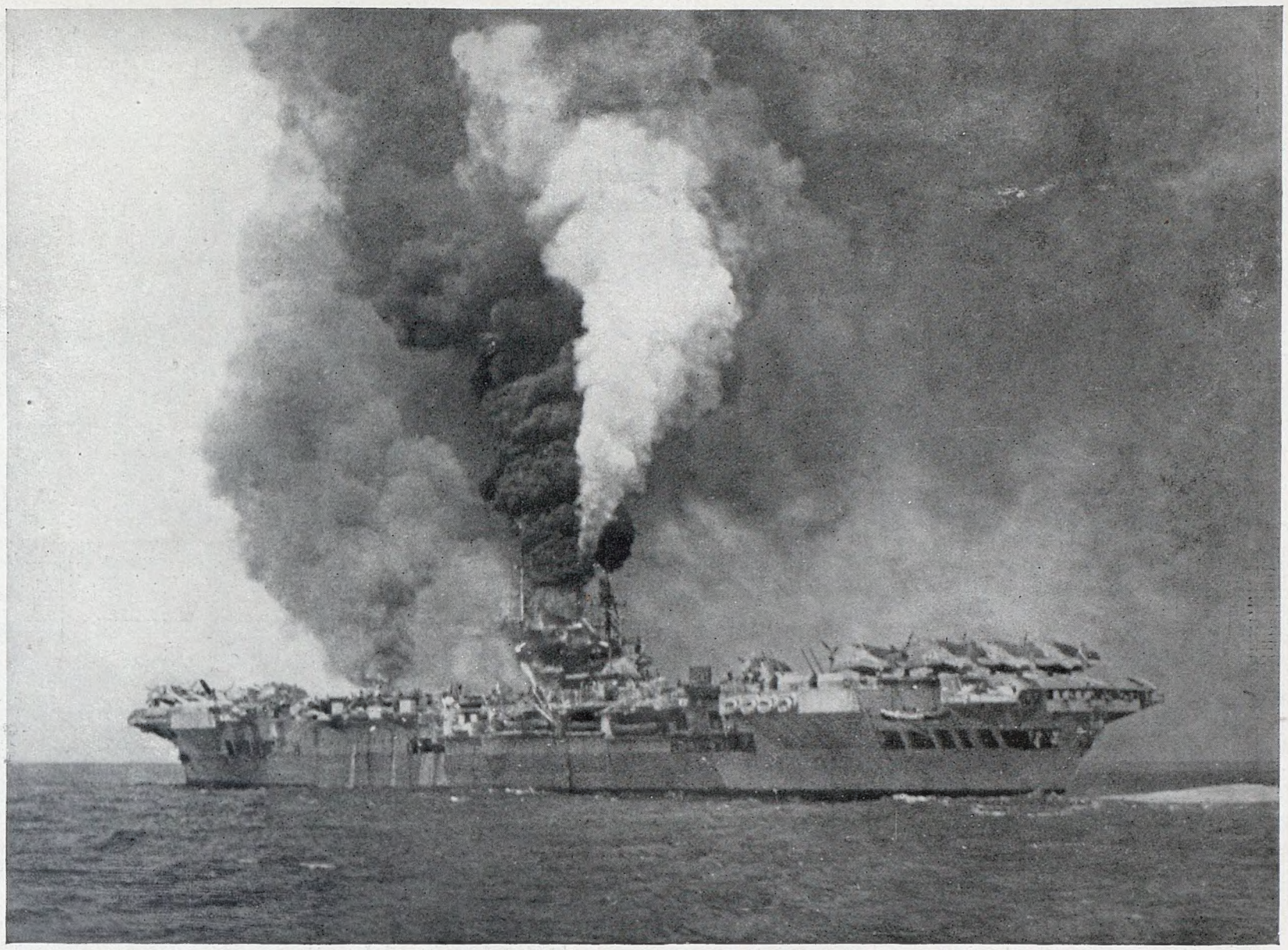
Of Kings.—Kings have been much in the news of late. I am always struck by the foresight and perfection of statesmanship which seem to plan the special functions of the British Sovereign; one notes how the ground is covered and how no part of this island and Empire, or its multiplicity of interests, are long left without a sight of the King and Queen. It is an odd thing, when one considers the state of monarchy in Europe, that the patent of constitutional monarchy appears to serve only Britain and the Scandinavian nations and the Dutch, the nations most like Britain in character and temperament. The Queen of the Netherlands has been seriously ill, from anxiety and overwork, no doubt. She is sixty-five. The King of the Belgians has, perhaps through no fault of his own, got himself and his country into a terrible tangle. His dynasty has lasted about a century. The destinies of the thrones of Greece and of Italy are in the melting-pot. In Spain, Franco has at last come into the open in favour of a restoration of the Monarchy under (and in) the spirit of the Falange. King Peter of Yugoslavia rejoices in an Heir-Apparent. I dare say my survey has missed some kings in the news. He would be a rash prophet who ventured to forecast the immediate futures of the reigning or pretender kings of Belgium, Italy, Spain, Greece, Yugoslavia, or other Balkan nations, or, for that matter, France.

Too Old At . . . ?—General (Field-Marshal) Smuts is home again, after a little journey of 28,000 miles which took him to 'Frisco and various European capitals, involving speeches, consultations, study of documents, long sessions, scratch meals, uneasy nights, week after week. Sometimes (I confess) I feel "too old at sixty." Then I blush to think of Smuts. How do these near-Octogenarians do it? General Smuts was born in 1870, Churchill in 1874 (a mere boy); Queen Mary was born in 1867. I regard these three as perhaps, in their different spheres of activity and zeal and genius, the most remarkable instances of energy of mind and body, of complete refusal to acknowledge the laws of Anno Domini, or the inexorable handicaps of advancing age, among the famous public figures of our time. Any one day in the life of Smuts or Churchill would put to bed the average septuagenarian for six months. I believe such giants as these are indeed a race apart, in a different category, medical and psychological, to normal men. It is not that they must be physically strong beyond even the extraordinary. It implies a triumph of spirit which transcends physical restraints. An elasticity of spirit which eats up novelties, uses new scientific means readily, and outruns Time itself. You see, most healthy octogenarians are of the locomotive age: most ditto septuagenarians have just about got used to limousines. But these rare giants and Peter Pans you can shoot out of a rocket; and they land anywhere, any day, well ahead of the rocket. It's all in the day's work to them.

V 2 "Memento Mori."—If Lord Brabazon is right (and he has been supported in his views by others in authority), *on the day the first V 2 rocket was launched every other form of war weapon was rendered obsolete.* We still use these obsolete weapons; they are still effective; they are crumpling up Japan's industries. But they are all "bows and arrows" to those who plan the next war. Many more people are planning for a long peace. But every man, woman and child in civilisation or outside it should brand on his heart the cipher V 2. How quickly, how secretly, it was invented and manufactured. How deadly swift were its improvements in range and accuracy by the trial and error of a very few months. How fearfully more competent in destruction were its latest models about to be launched. Lord Brabazon offered two alternative precautions: We must suppress the rocket or lead the world in its technique. The second alternative is unthinkable; it is mass lunacy over again. There can be but one solution in the minds of planners of peace—outlawry. Ceaseless vigilance, unity of determination, are the keywords and watchwords. If we shut our eyes to the menace for only one year, a determined enemy of world peace may have civilisation once more in the hollow of his hand. He will sit in his cave and shoot up Europe, America, Asia and Africa before heads of Government have an inkling of trouble. Unless human memory can be improved, unless civilisation can combine, and remain united in vigilance and determination, we may as well plan a troglodyte London.

Longest Runs.—I wonder if the longest-running stage plays may be evidence to the character of a race or evidence to the nature of the type of drama most likely to appeal to a public, or . . . merely a catalogue of pure chances? The four longest or most profitable runs in our theatre history are: *Charley's Aunt, Chu Chin Chow, Blithe Spirit, Arsenic and Old Lace.* Musical plays are not included, and *Arsenic and Old Lace* is as yet in its first "youth." There may be one or two more straight plays which compete with the four mentioned. I am in no position to speak of the merits of *Blithe Spirit*, which I never saw. No dramatic critic would describe the other three as plays of signal merit. *Charley's Aunt* is a clumsy, dated farce; *Arsenic and Old Lace* is a mad absurdity; *Chu Chin Chow* is less a play than an Oriental spectacle, with music and clowning. I am no dramatic critic, but have always understood that a farce is the most ticklish of all vehicles of dramatic art, if continuity of "inspiration" be an ingredient in the recipe of a classic, as I suppose it to be in literature and drama. What do these records prove then? That the British public is happiest with mediocrity, or prefers farce to eternal verities or serious drama? Or do the records give guidance to dramatists who seek to earn immortality? Or do they merely catalogue a handful of 100 to 1 chances? Are these four plays (translated into terms of novel-writing) to be listed and judged as *Pride and Prejudice* or *The Rosary*? Pure chance or damned merit?

THE OLD STAGER



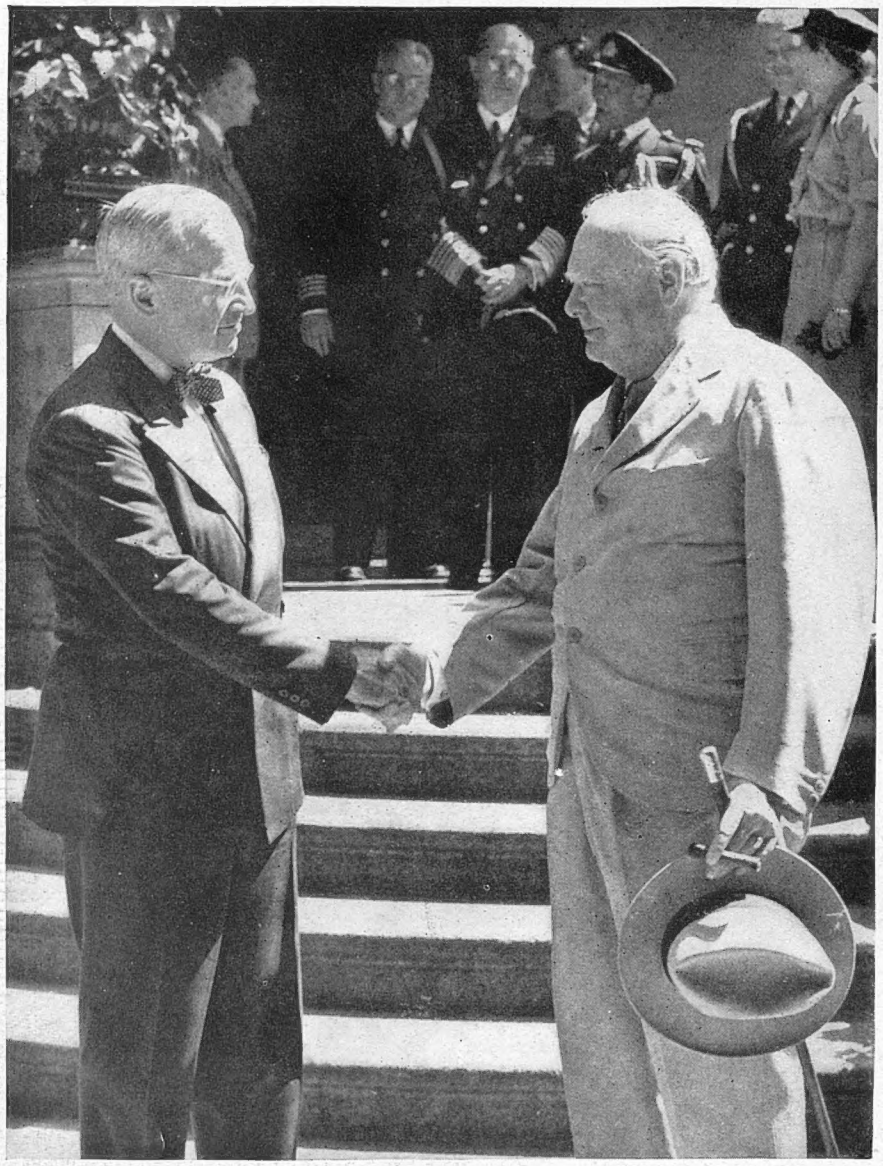
SMOKE POURING FROM A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER OF THE PACIFIC FLEET AFTER AN ATTACK BY A JAPANESE SUICIDE PLANE. In a few hours the fire was under control and the carrier was again fully operational, with aircraft flying from its deck

SUICIDE PILOTS VERSUS BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS

It has now been revealed that during two months of strikes by ships of the British Pacific Fleet against the Sakishama Islands, Fleet carriers bore the brunt of the attacks of the Kamikaze Corps. More than 140 Japanese aircraft were destroyed or damaged, but five of the suicide pilots succeeded in diving their planes on the decks of the British carriers. H.M.S. *Indefatigable* and H.M.S. *Victorious* were among the ships hit, but only minor damage was caused. In one case, the flight deck was in use again within twenty minutes. In these attacks and in all other forms of enemy action, the Fleet lost 70 men killed and 34 seriously wounded and only one ship, the destroyer *Ulster*, was rendered inoperative

THE GERMAN MERCHANT NAVY IN BRITISH WATERS

This picture was taken last month from a naval aircraft. It shows some of the Fleet of German merchant ships which were sailed to the United Kingdom from Kiel under the terms of the Surrender. The vessels were operated by their own crews, but were under guard by Royal Marines. They finally came to anchor off Methil, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth. Many big vessels were included, and all had escaped damage during Allied air attacks on Germany

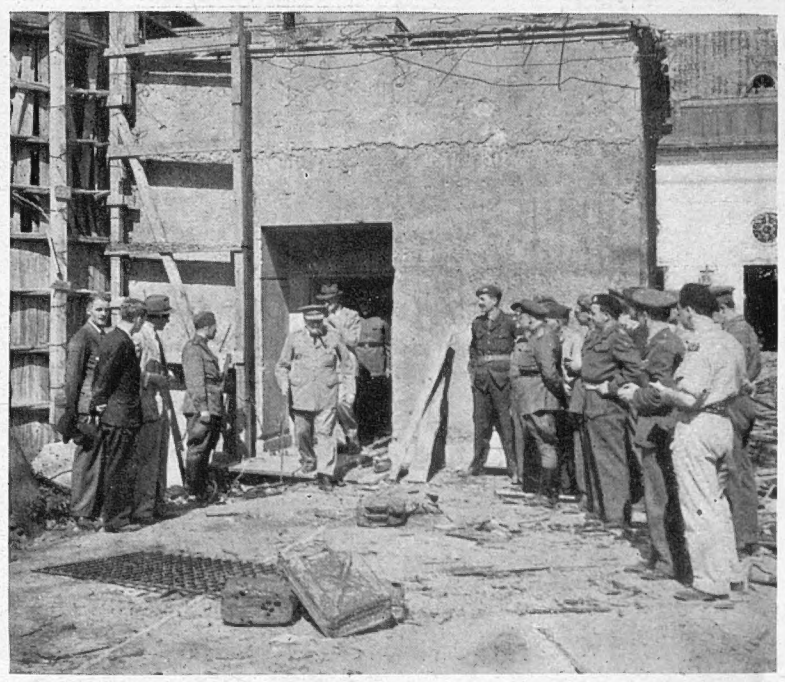


BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE BIG THREE CONFERENCE, Mr. Churchill paid a call on President Truman on the 16th for an informal talk. On the following day, the President took the chair at the first meeting in Potsdam

BEFORE THE BIG THREE CONFERENCE OPENED IN BERLIN

The Tour of the City by the British Delegation

Whilst awaiting the delayed arrival in Berlin of Marshal Stalin, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Truman met for the first time since the death of President Roosevelt. The Prime Minister and Mr. Anthony Eden also took the opportunity to tour the German capital and inspect some of the historic buildings reduced by Allied air raids and by the Russian artillery during their siege of the city. The pictures reproduced here were taken during the course of this tour. Actual pictures of the first Meeting of the three Leaders appear on the following pages



THE PRIME MINISTER LEAVING THE "BUNKER" IN WHICH HITLER AND EVA BRAUN ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE DIED: Mr. Churchill was accompanied on his tour of the city by Mr. Eden and by his daughter, Mary; he was wearing the khaki drill uniform of a full Colonel of the 4th Hussars

MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER POSE FOR THE NAVY AND THE MARINES: An incident during the tour of Berlin carried out whilst awaiting the arrival of Marshal Stalin. Mr. Eden was in a light suit and hatless: Mary Churchill wore the uniform of a Junior Commander in the A.T.S

THE LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY ARRIVES AT BERLIN AIRPORT: Mr. Clement Attlee is here being greeted by M. Gusev, Russian Ambassador to London, after alighting from the aircraft which flew him from Northolt. On the left is Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, C.-in-C. of the British Air Force of Occupation in Germany

MR. EDEN ARRIVES AT THE AIRPORT: On the left is Major-General Lyne, who commands the British troops in Berlin; on the right is M. Vyshinsky, Deputy Kommissar for Foreign Affairs. He is wearing the official uniform, with epaulettes, of the Russian Diplomatic Corps

THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS PARTY, IN THE RUINED CHANCELLERY, CONTEMPLATE THE WRECKAGE OF HITLER'S BERLIN HEADQUARTERS: Mr. Churchill appeared greatly interested in what he saw among the ruins; he inspected Hitler's study and the bunker in which the Führer and Eva Braun died. He was anxious to inspect the whole fantastic underground dwelling, with its radio station, kitchen, bedrooms, and studies. Note, in this picture, the inscriptions scribbled on the walls of the German "Holy of Holies" by troops of the occupying Red Army. The Chancellery is situated within the Russian portion of the capital

HOW THE PRIME MINISTER TOURED BERLIN IN A JEEP: This picture was taken outside the ruined Reichstag, where Mr. Churchill was surrounded by Russian soldiers. On his car, to which he had changed from a saloon, was an official Russian label

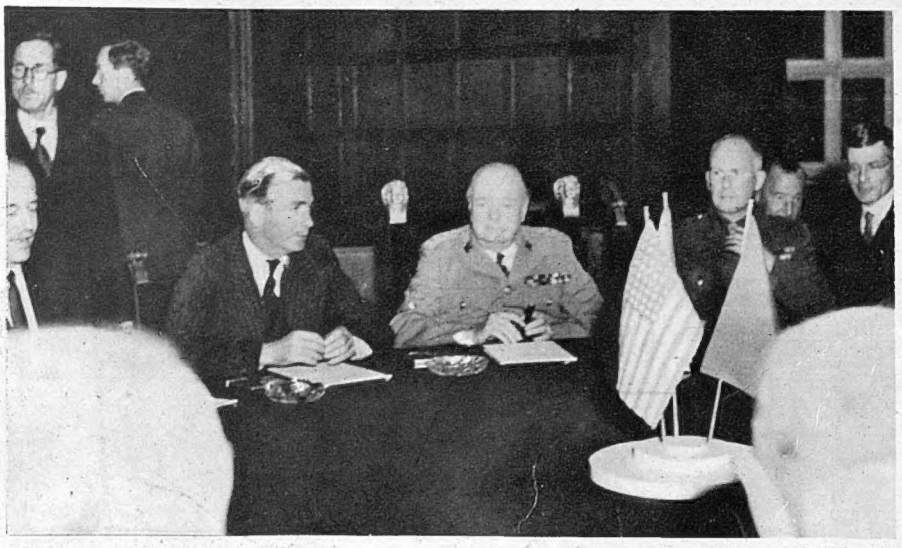
THE CHIEFS OF STAFF GO SIGHTSEEING ON THEIR OWN: Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke is on the left; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham is stooping down to pick up pieces of the statue of Frederick the Great; and Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal is writing the name and place on a piece of the monument which he has just picked up. This picture was taken in the Tiergarten, where the German "last stand" was staged, during the tour carried out by the British Chiefs of Staff

b

THE BIG THREE CONFERENCE

At Its Opening Session in Potsdam

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE THREE ALLIED LEADERS IN POTSDAM AFTER THE DELAYED ARRIVAL OF MARSHAL STALIN ON TUESDAY, JULY 17: The Russian leader is seated at the table on the right; behind him stands M. Gusev, Russian Ambassador in London; seated on his right is M. Molotov, with M. Vyshinsky. President Truman is in the left centre, with some of the American delegates. Mr. Churchill is seated on the far side of the table; on his right are Mr. Anthony Eden and Sir Alexander Cadogan (Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs); on his left are Major A. H. Birse (Interpreter) and Mr. Clement Attlee, the Labour leader

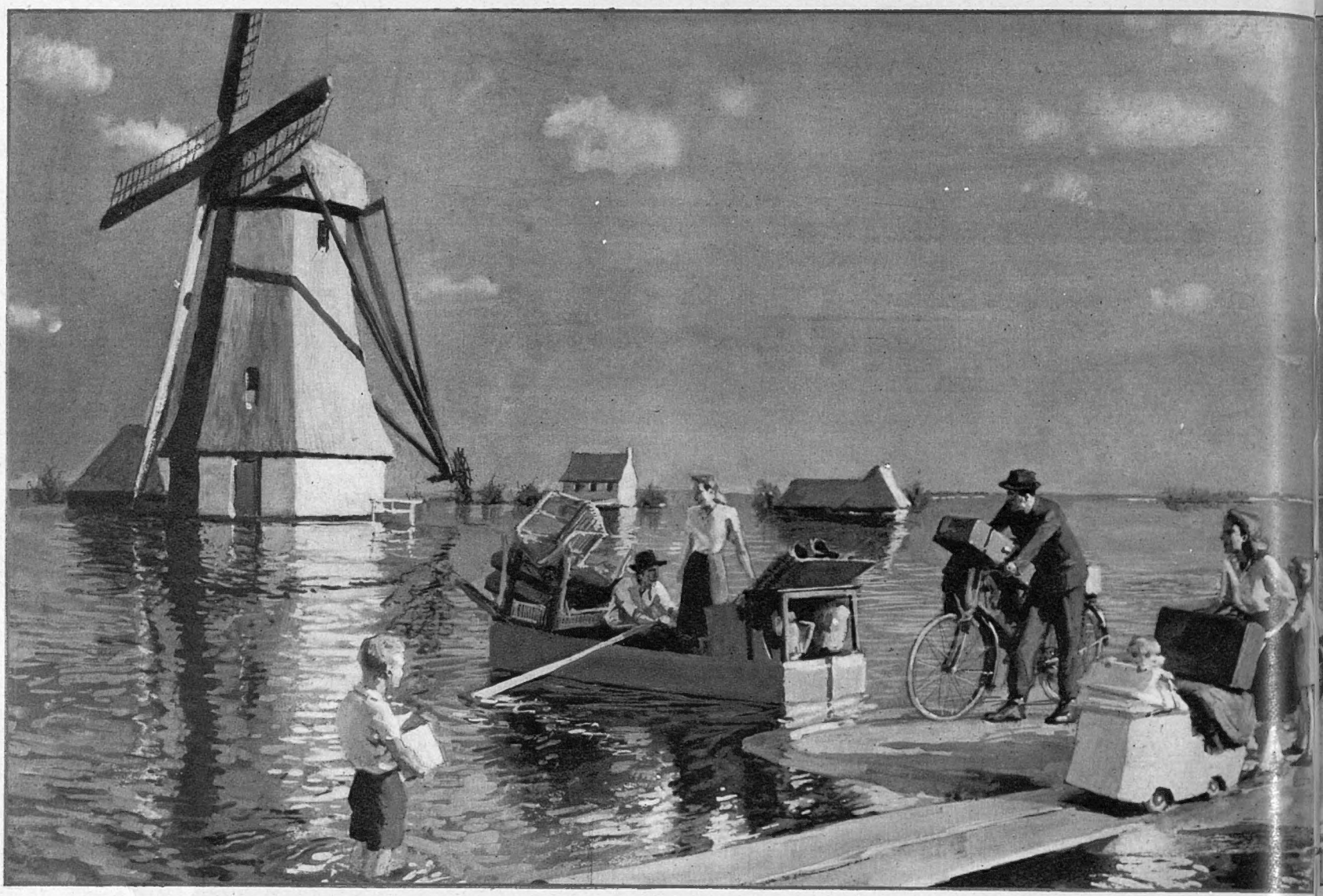


MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. EDEN AT THE CONFERENCE TABLE: The Premier is still wearing his uniform as a full Colonel of the 4th Hussars. Mr. Eden is in civilian clothes. The officer on the right is Major A. H. Birse, who acted as interpreter between the Prime Minister and the Russians

A CLOSE-UP OF MR. CHURCHILL WITH MARSHAL STALIN, with Major Birse between the two: Just seen on the right is Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, British Ambassador to Moscow. As usual, Stalin seemed to be very cheerful and animated as he greeted the Premier

MARSHAL STALIN GREETS MR. CHURCHILL IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM JUST BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE MEETING: Stalin wore his usual fawn-coloured uniform, with one star on his breast; he was accompanied by M. Molotov (in civilian clothes) and M. Vyshinsky, with other members of the Russian delegation. The table at which the three leaders later sat down had, as its sole adornment, the three Allied flags in the centre

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE CONFERENCE HALL AS THE LEADERS PREPARED FOR THE OPENING SESSION: Chairs are being brought up to the table, and a seat is being indicated for M. Molotov; Sir Alexander Cadogan is seen standing on the extreme left before taking the vacant chair alongside Mr. Eden. On the right a British sergeant-photographer is taking a record of the historic moment. The large window in the background looks out over the grounds of the unnamed château in Berlin which was the scene of the first post-war Three-Power Conference



THE EXTENSIVE FLOODING OF VAST TRACTS OF COUNTRY IN HOLLAND BY THE GERMANS, in their desperate attempts to stop the Allied advance, will entail years of work for the Dutch. Even during the present hot weather, the floods are only subsiding inch by inch, and many of the roads are still deep under the flood waters—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES

Floods and Food Shortages in Holland; the Long-protracted Dispute with the King in Belgium

Holland has a big task before it to bring back the flooded polder lands to a condition in which crops can once more be raised. Attention was concentrated on the final act of the Germans—the breaking of the Wieringer eastern sea wall—which admitted a flood of brackish water upon this northern territory of Holland. The stopping of the 100-ft.-deep hole and the pumping out of the water would take some ten months, it was calculated. Salt in the water would retard the recovery of the land for a long period. Further south other areas were flooded by the Germans—1,000,000 acres in front of what was known as the Grebe line were under water just before the surrender of the Germans. Adjacent areas were reduced to a boggy condition. Still further south, the wide stretches of low-lying land between the Maas and the Waal were almost entirely under water—river water, in this case. To the east around Nijmegen dykes were broken during the last stages of the fighting. These have to be repaired and the slow process of pumping set in operation. The Allies are providing some powerful pumping engines to supplement local windmills and power pumps. Gradually roads emerge and movement is made possible

"WE WANT LEOPOLD III": A band of the King's supporters in Brussels parade the streets. The three raised fingers indicate their adherence to the royal cause

"LONG LIVE THE KING" in a Brussels shop window—a sign put up before the present crisis arose

THE BELGIAN CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS: IN THE FIRST FLUSH OF LIBERATION, the Belgian people looked forward to the imminent return of King Leopold. At the Bon Marche, overlooking the Place Rougier, in Brussels, a large portrait of the King, flanked with Belgian heraldic devices, was prominently displayed; elsewhere in the city, other welcoming devices were shown. But then the Left Wing opposition began to manifest itself—and, one by one, the welcoming signs disappeared

SOME OF THE KING'S SUPPORTERS HUNG FLOWERS AND PORTRAITS ON THE GATES OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN BRUSSELS: Then counter-demonstrations were organised by the many thousands of those who are opposing the return of the King to the capital

ALLIED SHIPS TAKE FOOD TO HOLLAND BY WAY OF THE BELGIAN PORT OF ANTWERP : A general view of the docks, showing some of the vast number of cases being unloaded

Antwerp dockers are working overtime on the task of unloading British and American food ships. The food situation in Holland is considered the worst, and a great part of the cargoes therefore are being sent to Rotterdam. These cargoes consist of grain, milled flour, canned meat and vegetable stew. They are closely watched by British and American military police as they are unloaded, to see that none of the supplies reaches the Black Market. Canal barges are being used to transport the food to some towns and villages, as many are inaccessible owing to blown bridges and smashed railway communications. If it were not for these "mercy ships," there would be famine in the liberated countries this winter

THE VILLAGE OF ST. WOLFGANG, IN AUSTRIA, NEAR SALZBURG, where the King of the Belgians is staying with his second wife while conferences daily take place to consider the question of his abdication

BEFORE FLYING TO MEET KING LEOPOLD IN AUSTRIA, Prince Charles, the Regent, speaks to the Belgian Home Secretary, M. van Glabbeke, at the airport in Brussels

THE MEN WHO ACCOMPANIED THE BELGIAN REGENT ON HIS VISIT TO HIS ROYAL BROTHER AT ST. WOLFGANG : The journey by air to Salzburg of King Leopold's brother, Prince Charles, the Regent, was considered to be a sure indication that the King had decided to abdicate in favour of his fifteen-year-old son, Prince Badouin. Prince Charles was accompanied on his visit to his brother by M. Van Cauwelaert, President of the Chamber of Deputies ; M. Gillon, President of the Senate ; and three members of the Regent's Household. While Prince Charles was with King Leopold in Salzburg, the other members of the delegation met the Premier, M. Van Acker, the Minister of Justice, and several jurists. These were summoned, it is reported, to draft the formal act of renunciation of the throne. Shortly after the visit to St. Wolfgang, an announcement on the whole situation was made in Brussels. This picture was taken on the Brussels airfield before the departure of the royal plane. From left to right are—M. Gillon, M. Van Cauwelaert and Colonel Sherman (who represented the American General Erskine)

BELGIAN PRIME MINISTER during the crisis : M. Van Acker seated at his desk in Brussels, where he continued to direct affairs of the State. Van Acker and his Government resigned as a result of King Leopold's decision to return to the throne, but continued in office pending the formation of a new Government. Meanwhile, Belgium is considering the whole delicate question of whether the King will eventually return or finally abdicate

BELGIAN PEACEMAKER between King and people ? Paul Van Zeeland, one-time Premier of Belgium, declined to comment on the rumours that he might attempt to mediate in Belgium's political crisis. Although ruling out questions concerning his immediate political future, Van Zeeland pointed out that he never affiliated with any party and remained strictly non-partisan. Friends say he is virtually certain to be included in any future Government, whatever its political complexion

THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH," THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER, ON ONE OF HER THIRTY-SIX WARTIME TRIPS: FOR THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS OF THE WAR THIS VESSEL WAS ESCORTED BY BRITISH WARSHIPS, owing to the German submarine menace. In spite of her zigzag courses, the great liner averaged only four-and-a-half days on her crossings from New York to England—*Drawing by Montague Dawson* (See note on right)

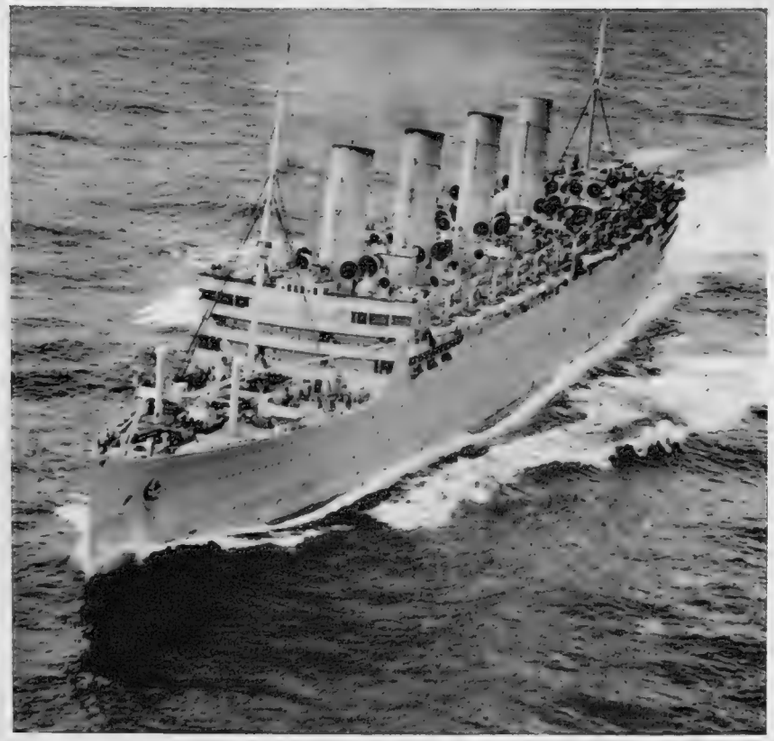
THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN SUBMARINES HAS REVEALED MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF THESE UNDERWATER CRAFT: Here is an impression of one of the great cargo-carriers with which the Nazis thought to break the Allied blockade—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Desperate for materials, Germany had to resort to bringing valuable cargoes of tin, wolfram, rubber, quinine and molybdenum by submarines which were specially arranged for the purpose. One at least carried a consignment of tin in a false keel. The drawing shows one of these craft entering a British port to surrender. Note the curious cut-away shape of the superstructure, probably to give easy access to the hold. This vessel also had a false keel, wherein was stowed a good cargo of tin. She is one of the largest types of submarine in existence

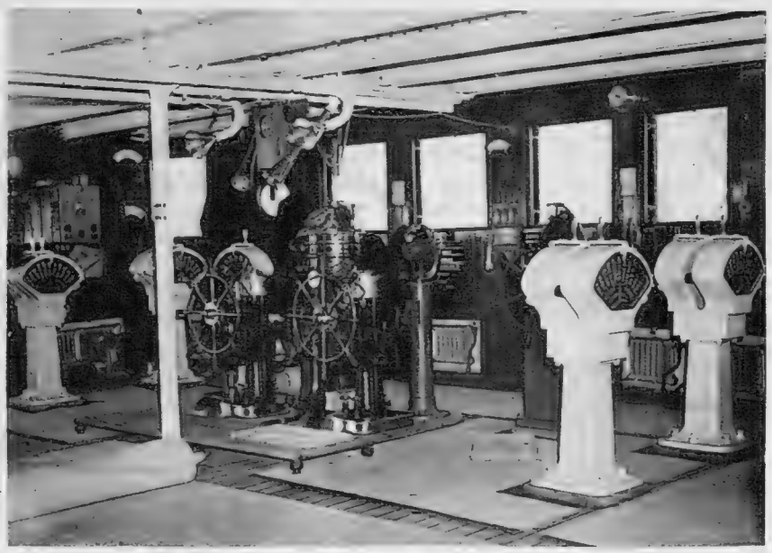
THE GIANT "QUEEN ELIZABETH" UNDER ESCORT

—A Naval Secret of the War; with Other Naval News in Pictures

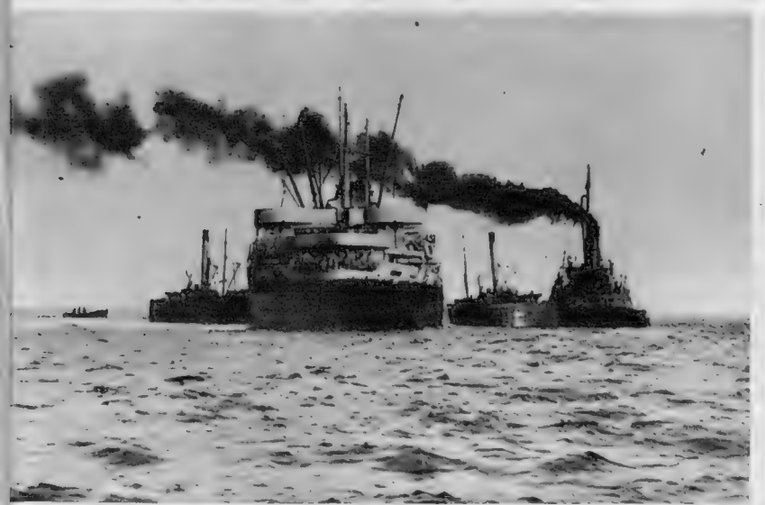
When war came in 1939, the *Queen Elizabeth* was lying unfinished in the Clyde. Under Admiralty orders, work on the world's largest liner was hurried forward and, early in 1940, she slipped down-river out of Greenock. In March 1940 she was safe in New York Harbour. Thereafter she disappeared from the public gaze. It has now been disclosed that she made thirty-six wartime crossings of the Atlantic. Like her sister-ship, the *Queen Mary*, she travelled unescorted during the war, except during the last twelve months, when a concentration of German U-boats obliged the Admiralty to meet her as she neared the danger zone. In the drawing on the left she is seen with her escorts. In spite of her zigzag courses, the *Queen Elizabeth* averaged only four-and-a-half days on each of her crossings. Biggest liner afloat, she has a gross tonnage of 85,000 tons and is driven by quadruple screws



THE s.s. "AQUITANIA" ON WAR SERVICE: An impression of another famous Cunarder—taken from an aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command: Like the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Aquitania* is a quadruple-screw vessel; her tonnage, however, is only 45,600 against the 85,000 of the *Queen Elizabeth*. She was built in the year 1914, and for long was "Queen of the Atlantic"—until the coming of the giants. This graceful and speedy liner has carried out many missions during the war



THE WHEELHOUSE OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": One of the liner's most recent missions was to convey 15,000 American troops back to the United States from Europe. Apart from a period of twelve months, when she sailed under escort, the "Queen Elizabeth" relied on her speed to escape the U-boats



SALVAGING THE "HORACE BINNEY" OFF DEAL—a Liberty ship is rescued after having been torpedoed by the Germans. *On left*—Tugs on each side prepare to salvage the vessel. *On right*—The cargo is taken out to lighten her

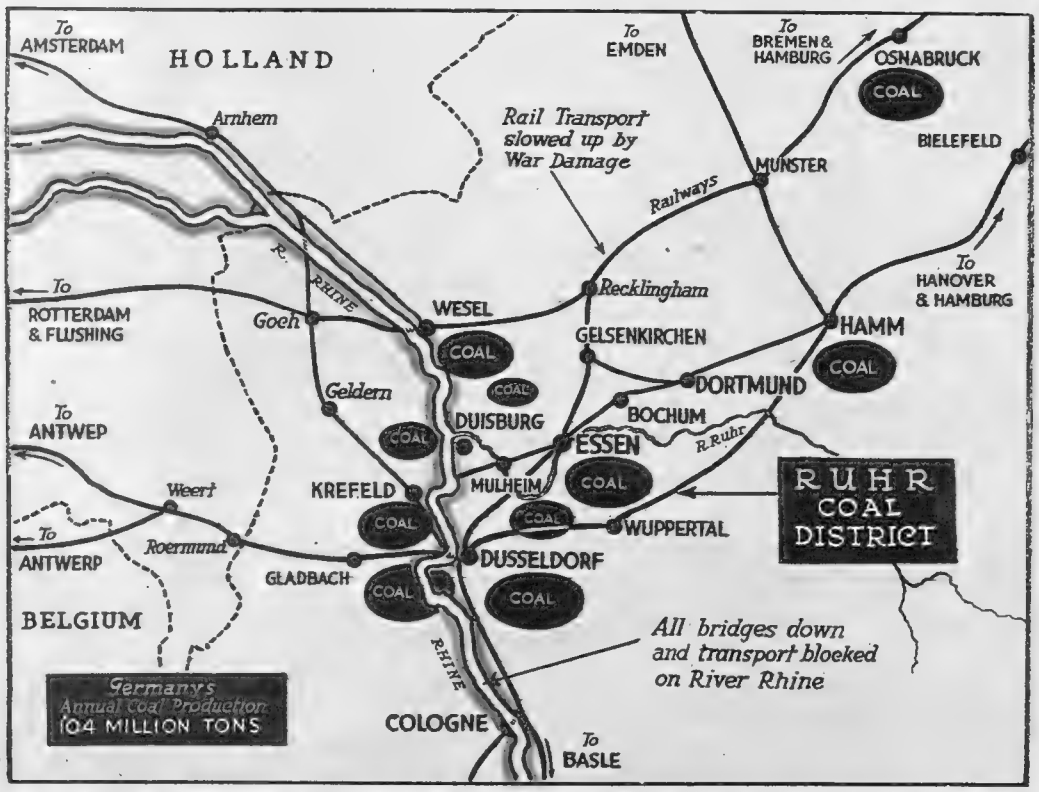
Mined off Flushing on VE-Day, with a huge hole amidships, her engine-room flooded, almost broken in two, and barely 6 ft. out of the water, with massive steel hawsers passed under her keel to prevent her sinking, the Liberty ship *Horace Binney* was towed to the Downs Roadstead off Deal. Creaking and groaning in every joint, she lay at anchor there until she was beached in the mud north of the town. The work of salvaging the cargo was carried out for weeks by the Royal and American Navies, and resulted in saving the greater part

AFTER TWENTY YEARS, THE UNION JACK AGAIN FLOATS OVER COLOGNE, the most devastated city in Germany : the Cathedral appears to be the only undamaged building left—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When the last troops of the Army of Occupation left the Rhineland in December 1925, the Union Jack was hauled down as the British left the city. A few days ago it was again hoisted over the Kaiser Wilhelm Ring as the administration of the district was transferred from the American to the British authorities. The American flag was lowered slowly from the flagstaff on Military Government Headquarters while the band of the Scots Guards played the American National Anthem. Then the Union Jack was run up on an adjoining flagstaff to the sound of "God Save the King." Cologne to-day is amongst the most battered of German cities : looking across the centre of the great industrial and commercial area the only undamaged building appears to be the great Dom, or Cathedral

LIFE BEGINS AGAIN in GERMANY

Scenes in the Capital, and in the Industrial Areas Under Control of the Allies



THE GREAT COAL-PRODUCING AREAS OF THE RUHR, which the Allies are now bringing into production again : in the distribution of the coal, however, great transport bottlenecks still exist as the result of war damage over a wide area

MILITARY SUPERVISION AT THE RUHR PITHEADS whilst German miners are working underground : 130,000,000 tons came from this district before the war

British troops during recent weeks have been taking over occupation duty in the Ruhr Valley from the Americans, and now it can be regarded as settled that the Ruhr will fall finally into the British zone. To-day, the whole area is a place of desolation, but all over Europe people are looking anxiously towards this wilderness. They know that only from the Ruhr can they hope to get next winter's coal—the coal that spells not only warmth and comfort for millions, but work, production, transport, even food. On the prompt restarting of the Ruhr mines, more than any other single factor, the winter welfare of Western Europe depends. As one influential English journal put it in the course of a recent article : "Europe as a whole used about 300,000,000 tons of coal a year before the war. The Ruhr provided nearly 130,000,000, and a further 30,000,000 came from its satellite coalfields in the Rhineland. The other great provider, Upper Silesia, has now to serve Russia's needs. The smaller coalfields of France, Belgium and Holland are producing little more than half their pre-war output. This country, which used to export 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 tons to the Continent, now hardly lifts enough coal for its own bare needs. These simple figures show what work or idleness in the Ruhr mines now means for the coalless countries of Europe. In looking to the Ruhr, these countries look to us." The great factor in connection with the Ruhr is the problem of transport. The coal is there, the labour is there, but—the railways and canals have been so battered that the distribution of the precious commodity throughout the Reich is still a matter of the greatest difficulty and complexity

RUSSIA'S WOMEN SOLDIERS IN BERLIN : These are the counterpart of our A.T.S. They perform a variety of duties with the Red Army, including photography of important occasions. Many of these women have accompanied the Army all the way from Stalingrad to Berlin

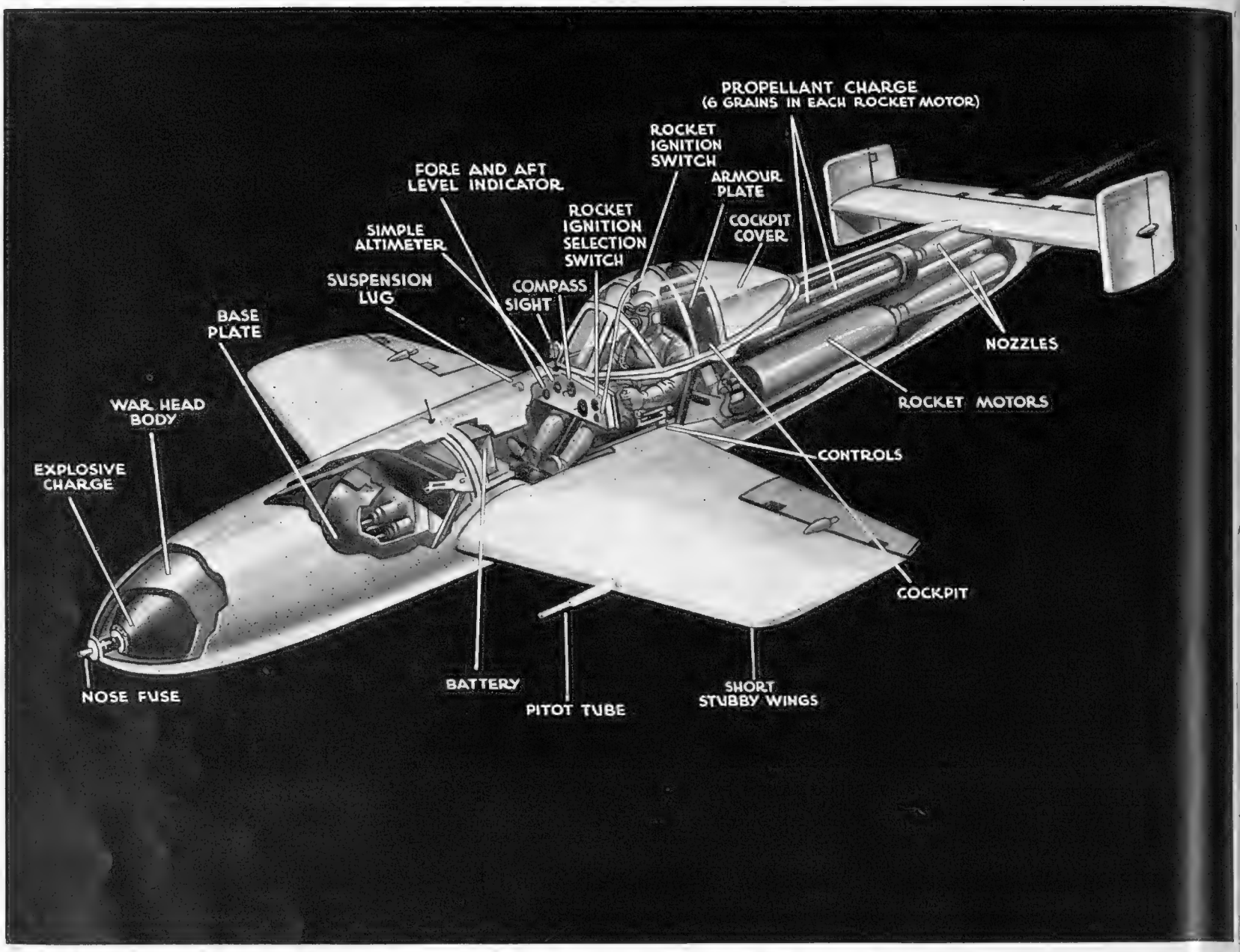
GERMAN CHILDREN SEARCH THE DUST-BINS FOR FOOD : The scene outside an American mess hut in Berlin. The children take home scraps of uneaten food to eke out the very small rations issued to civilians

THE HOPELESS AND CHEERLESS REFUGEES RETURN TO A SHATTERED CITY : When the London evacuees were returning home, the sun-tanned faces of the children smiled happily. Cheering was heard at the crowded railway stations, and numerous evacuation officers, social workers, teachers, etc., made sure that everything worked out smoothly. Here is Berlin ! The evacuees return wearily, with hand-carts loaded with their belongings. They have no homes to go to, everything is shattered, there is little hope for the future. German women are pulling and pushing their cart, on which sits an old man and a child. Note the Russian poster by the roadside

HOW BERLIN USES THE NOTICE-BOARDS TO HELP REORGANISE ITS LIFE : In London during the blitz, notice-boards were freely used to advertise new addresses for bombed-out businesses In devastated Berlin, the notice-boards are more widely used. They contain news—the only news—of everything : they serve as the "Ministry of Information" as well as the "Ministry of Labour." If you want to employ a man to do a job, you put a notice to this effect : if you want to notify a change of address, or a sale, or a purchase, you do likewise. This typical board has been put up in Berlin's Rheinstrasse : here passers-by stop to learn the latest news and to seek, at the same time, advertisements concerning articles they wish to purchase or sell

THE FIRST AMERICAN TRIAL TO BE HELD IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL : The first American trial in Berlin was held at the Military Government H.Q. in Zehlendorf. Forty-two-year-old Hans P. Fannschmidt, a master hardener of steel, was charged with having made false statements. When he filled out his work form, he did not state that he was a member of the Nazi Party from 1933 to March 1945. After a few days Fannschmidt admitted this in a voluntary statement. To Lieutenant Stephen E. Ware went the first prosecution job im Berlin. This picture was taken during the trial. Standing on the left is the Prosecuting Officer, reading the charge ; behind the table, under the flags of the United Nations, is the Judge, Colonel John MacNeill ; sitting in front of the table is Corporal Frank H. Reed, Court Clerk ; standing in centre is the defendant, Hans P. Fannschmidt, with Mrs. Gerda Gottschalk, of New York (interpreter) ; and on the extreme right is Private A. Mallin, Bailiff, of Kansas City. In front, members of the public are watching the proceedings

THE U.S. FORCES SEIZE GERMANY'S VAST DYE TRUST AT HOESCHT : The great German chemical trust, I.G. Farbenindustrie, at Hoescht, was seized on July 5 by the U.S. Military Government, and placed under an American manager, Colonel Edwin S. Pillsbury, pending its ultimate disposal by the Four-Power Allied Control Authority. The I.G. Farbenindustrie in normal times was Germany's biggest combine of chemical dye producers with world-wide interests. Its seizure is in accordance with the policy of eliminating Germany's war potential. Here is a view down one of the long streets inside the plant, on both sides of which are factory buildings. The American guard is escorting a German worker off the premises



THIS IS A DIAGRAM OF THE JAP "BAKA," OR "STUPID," BOMB: IT IS A FLYING TORPEDO CONTROLLED BY A SUICIDE PILOT. The first of these were found at Okinawa; since then they have been used against American ships operating in the Ryukyus. The bomb is flown to the target by a parent aircraft, and after it has been released it is propelled by rockets—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

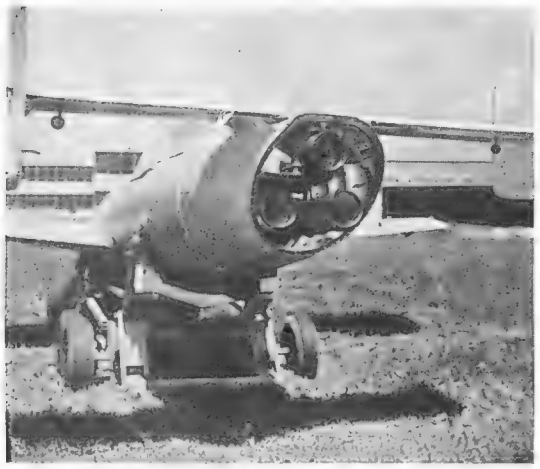
MORE ABOUT THE "BAKA" (or "STUPID") BOMB

And How it is Being Countered in the Pacific War

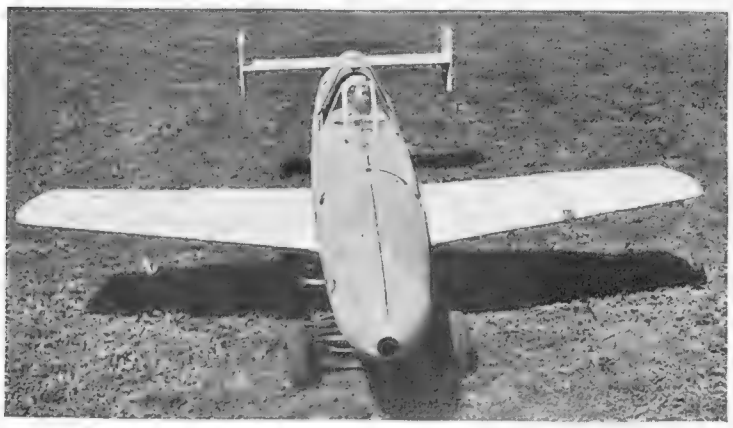
—Special *Sphere* Drawings

The Americans have now had an opportunity of making a complete survey of the Jap "Baka" bomb, examples of which were captured intact during the fighting for Okinawa Island. The result of their examinations is summarised in the drawing reproduced above. After the bomb has been launched from the parent aircraft (which carries it beneath the fuselage), the tiny plane is guided to the target by a "suicide pilot" seated in a small cockpit: on this last phase of its journey the bomb is propelled by rocket motors, and the object of the pilot is to crash his craft on to the deck of the carrier or warship at which he is aiming. This he attempts to do despite the curtain of steel thrown up by the anti-aircraft guns of the whole Allied Fleet below.

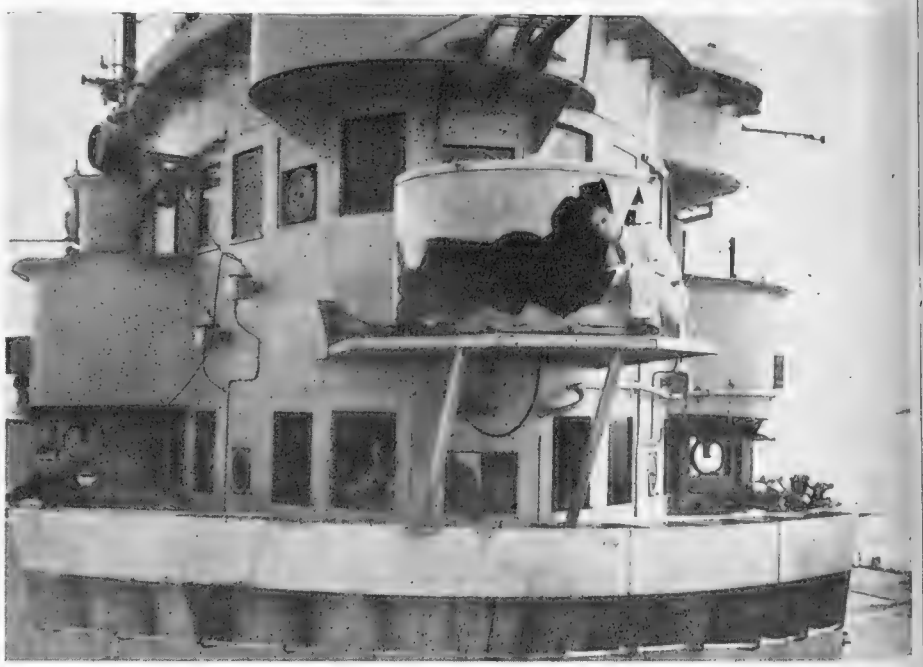
The nose of the bomb is filled with explosives. The fuselage is nearly 20 ft. long and the wing-span is 16 ft. Contrary to popular belief, the pilot is not locked in: but he does not carry a parachute, and there is no place for him to go to if he decides to abandon his attempt!



THE REAR END OF THE SUICIDE BOMB, showing the rocket motors by which the tiny plane is propelled after its release from the parent aircraft



A COMPLETE EXAMPLE OF A "BAKA" BOMB, after its examination in America: It was captured intact on Okinawa by the U.S. Marines



WHERE A JAPANESE SUICIDE-BOMBER HIT THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS": When the British Fleet was in operation against the Sakashima Islands, the aircraft-carrier *Illustrious* was attacked and hit by a Japanese "suicide" plane. The machine scraped the bridge with its wing and then crashed into the sea. This is the damage it caused to the bridge structure. The machine was heavily hit as it closed and, instead of hitting the flight-deck, it passed just in front of the bridge; its wing ripped out a piece of the bridge about 9 ft. away from where the then Commanding Officer, Captain C. E. Lambe, was standing

THE BRAVERY OF THE GUNNERS ON THE BIG U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS HAS DEFEATED THE EFFORTS OF THE JAP SUICIDE PILOTS OPERATING THE "BAKA" BOMBS: They have been sticking to their posts to put up a barrage until the very last moment—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

For cool, disciplined bravery during recent weeks in the Pacific, the palm must certainly be handed to the men who have served the A.-A. guns during the "suicide" attacks which have become such a pronounced factor in Japan's counter-measures against the Allies. This desperate policy had been put in operation for some months, rising to a high and dangerous pitch as naval and air pressure closed in upon Japan's home area. Battleships and cruisers were attacked in this way, but it was upon aircraft-carriers that the Japanese later concentrated this form of reckless assault. The attack on the *Bunker Hill* stands out as a vivid example of what this kind of air attack may mean. It speaks particularly well for the cool discipline of the A.-A. gunners who, on this occasion, were not tuned-up with the expectancy of attack. All was apparently peaceful when the three Kamikases hurled themselves at the carrier. In spite of flames, smoke and imminent risk from a continued assault, the men in the gun galleries of the *Bunker Hill* stuck to their posts

"IN THE 'OGGIN"—AN INCIDENT DURING THE RECENT ATTACKS ON JAPANESE BASES IN THE TRUK ISLANDS: At the opening of a dawn attack by carrier-based planes, a pilot goes "into the 'oggin" while taking off. One of the many escort destroyers immediately picked up the crew of three—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

For two days recently, Seafires, Fireflies and Avengers from British Pacific Fleet aircraft-carriers hit the Japanese bases in the Truk Islands with bombs, rockets and cannon-fire. The attack was launched at dawn and lasted until late in the evening of the second day. A war correspondent who took part described how the commander of one of the flights went "into the 'oggin." In Fleet Air Arm slang this meant that he, his crew and the aeroplane had fallen in the sea. "I looked down and saw three heads and a yellow dinghy bobbing up and down in the rain-pitted blue of the Pacific," he wrote. "Their Avenger was sinking some yards away. Their engine had cut out just as they were taking off, and although the pilot put the brake on, it was too late, and they slithered into the sea. All three were picked up, but we had no time to watch the rescue. We were next off, and got away to a clean start. The only thing dirty was the weather."

THREE STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS from the WAR ZONE in the PACIFIC

During Operations at Singapore and Amongst the Japanese Islands

AN ATTACK BY SUPER-FORTRESSES ON THE DOCK AREA AT SINGAPORE, WHEN THE HUGE EMPIRE DOCK WAS VIRTUALLY DESTROYED: The huge column of smoke seen in the centre of this picture had attained a height of 10,000 ft.; it later rose even higher, as the fires below gained a hold

Huge billows of black smoke are visible in this picture above the fleecy tropical cloud formation after Super-Fortresses, flying at a great height, recently set fire to the huge Empire Dock in Singapore, which was virtually destroyed. As another wave of big bombers sweeps in towards the target, the column of smoke has already reached a height of 10,000 ft.: it later towered 20,000 ft. above the Jap-held city. In the month of March alone, three large-scale attacks were made on the naval base and harbour facilities by Fortresses of the Twentieth Bomber Command under the American Brigadier-General Roger M. Remey; these planes flew from bases in India. During a previous assault in February, the Super-Fortresses hit and sank a floating dry-dock which was capable of handling the world's largest ships.

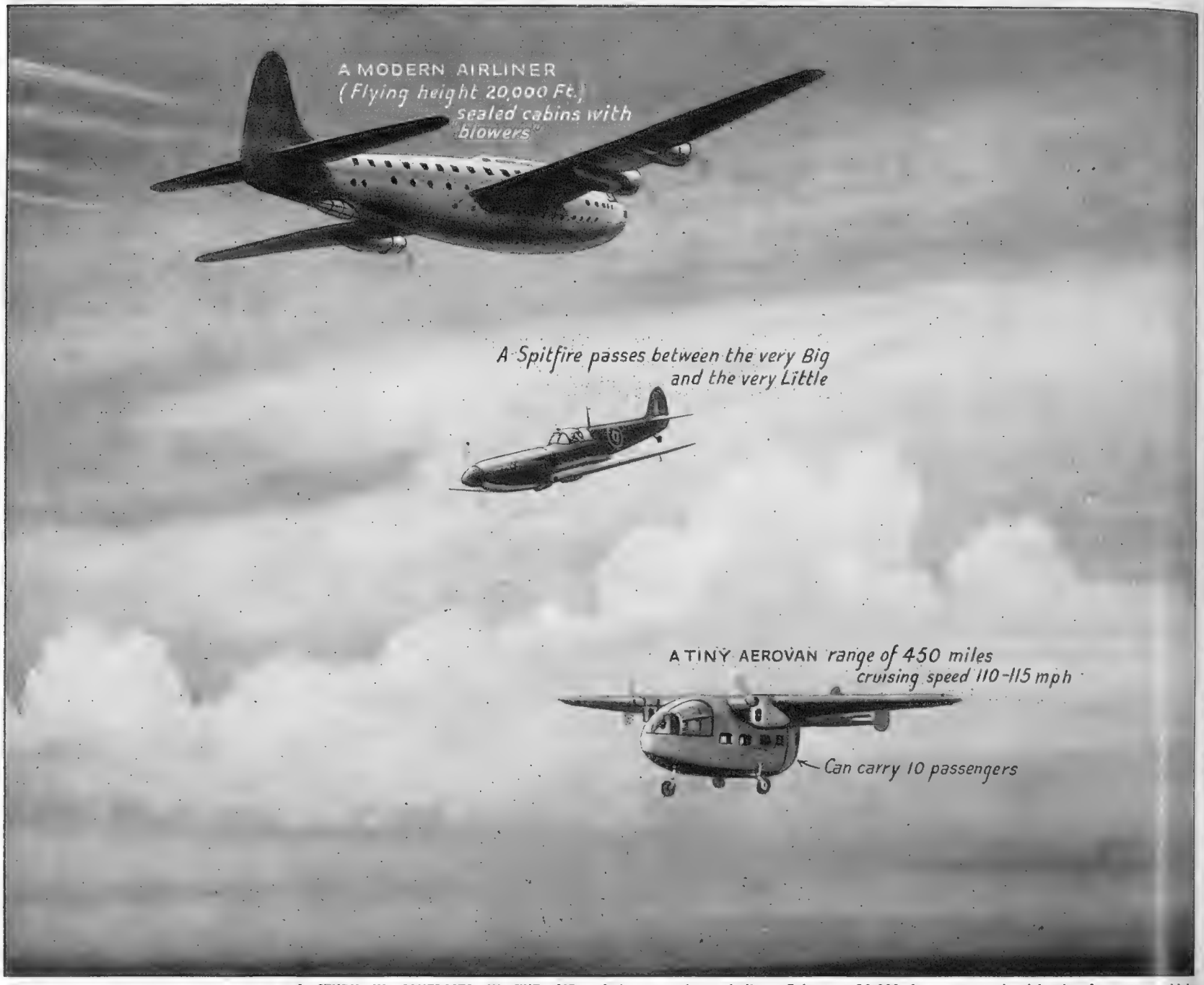
Singapore has been used as the main clearing centre for Japanese war supplies and equipment between Japan and her troops in Jap-occupied territories. Other Fortresses, based in the Marianas, have increased their long-range sweeps over the Japanese home islands, inflicting heavy damage on industrial and military targets on Honshu, Shikoku and Kyushu, including those on the capital of Tokyo and the important aircraft centre of Nagoya.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE FIGHTING IN THE PACIFIC IS SENT BACK TO AMERICA AND BRITAIN: A SPECIAL PRESS BOAT SPEEDS FROM ONE OF THE ISLANDS WITH DESPATCHES FROM THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS AND PICTURES FROM THE BATTLE ZONE

News stories and actual photographs of the various Pacific battles are reaching the United States but a few hours after the first assault troops land on the Jap-held islands. Special "Invasion Press Craft" dash from ship to ship and from shore to ship, picking up "copy" from the war correspondents and prints from the photographers in the thick of the fighting. The Press Boat then rushes both "copy" and prints to a communications ship, from which they are sent to American Pacific Headquarters at Guam for transmission by wireless or telephone

A SCENE IN MID-PACIFIC AS A U.S. BATTLESHIP PREPARES TO ASSIST IN ANOTHER OPERATION AT SEA: A Landing Craft closes in alongside the warship to supply her with fresh stores of ammunition. The big guns of the battleship are ready to deal with any Jap interference

The big vessel looms above the deck of a Tank Landing Ship as it takes on a load of ammunition off the island of Okinawa, in preparation for a further bombardment of enemy positions in support of the American ground forces on the main Ryukyu island. Marines and infantrymen of the Tenth Army landed on Okinawa on March 31: the island is 375 miles from Japan. By June 13 only 13 square miles remained in Japanese hands, representing less than 3 per cent. of the island's 485 square miles. Although on that date the Japs were fighting as bitterly as ever, they could not withstand the inevitable. To-day the whole of Okinawa is in American hands, after a slaughter of the Japs unparalleled in the whole Pacific campaign: the island is now being developed into another major base from which U.S. planes will be able to batter Japan's war-potential



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS IN THE AIR: A huge modern air-liner flying at 20,000 ft., compared with the Aerovan, which it is proposed to build in England for post-war operation. In between these two commercial types is the Spitfire, the most formidable single-seat fighter produced during the war—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE

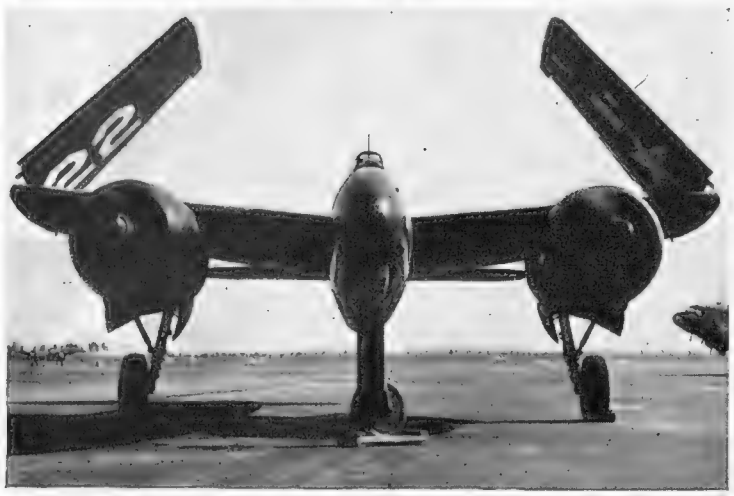
For the World's Trade Routes

Compared with the War's Most Outstanding Fighter, the Spitfire

The air-liner of the future will probably fly at a great altitude, some 20,000 ft. or more. To do this the cabins will be "sealed," with air pumped into them by blowers or superchargers. Oxygen, such as is used by fighter pilots at altitude, is not practicable for passengers in air-liners—hence the pressurised cabin in which they can breathe comfortably even when flying through the sub-stratosphere. Work is already in progress in England on the blower necessary for the high-flying liners of the future.

The Aerovan, also depicted in the above drawing, has been evolved by Mr. Miles, famous as the designer of the Hawk of pre-war days and of the Miles Master trainer-plane. It is likely to cost some £5,000: but it will have a range of 450 miles and a cruising speed of 110-115 m.p.h. It is intended as a "caravan home on wings"—or for operation as a small passenger-plane capable of carrying ten people. It has been so designed that a motor-car can be carried within its capacious interior if desired.

Compared with these two commercial planes is the Spitfire, the great fighter aircraft with an unparalleled record during the European War. No other plane has equalled its all-round capacity.



A NEW FIGHTER-BOMBER FOR THE U.S. NAVY—The Grumman Tiger Cat, which will soon be ready for combat in the Pacific: Its two 2,100-h.p. engines make it the Navy's fastest climbing plane and give it a speed rated at 425 miles an hour. It climbs a mile per minute. The Tiger Cat is the successor to the Grumman Wildcat and Hellcat: it is about 50 per cent. heavier than the Hellcat and has more than double its predecessor's horse-power. The new plane has more fire-power than either the Hellcat or the Corsair, and can carry either 4,000 lbs. of bombs or a full-sized marine torpedo, as well as rockets. Its range, augmented by a 300-gallon auxiliary fuel-tank, which can be dropped, exceeds that of the Corsair and the Hellcat. The Tiger Cat's wings fold for use aboard aircraft-carriers

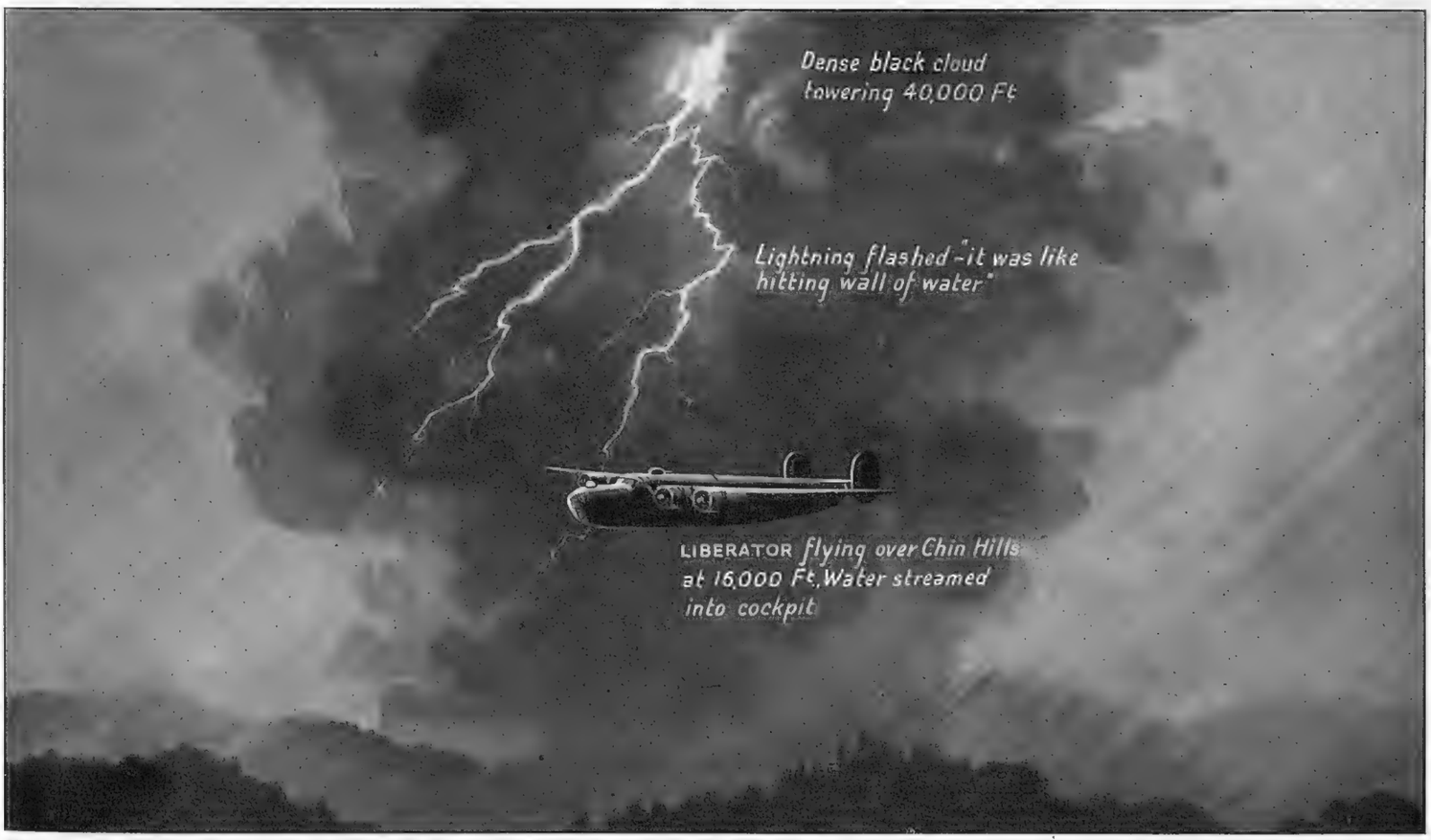
***On right*—TWO OF THE AIR-LINERS OF TO-MORROW:** At the top is the mammoth new DC-6, big brother of the DC-4. This plane will carry fifty passengers, plus a crew of five, at a maximum cruising speed of 334 miles an hour. At the bottom is the giant of them all—the 204-passenger Consolidated Vultee plane. In this aircraft, from New York to London will be a trip of about nine hours, with cruising speeds of 310 and 342 miles an hour. It will be twelve times the size of present standard twin-engined commercial planes, with a wing-span equal to the height of a 21-storey building

THE THREE DEADLY TYPES OF MONSOON SQUALL—THE BLACK, THE BROWN AND THE WHITE: The first can be flown through at very low heights; the last can be flown through below 12,000 ft.; but to fly into the brown is suicide—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

FLYING in the MONSOON

Two Special Drawings of the Hazards of Jungle Flying

The monsoon is now at its height in Burma, but flying goes on and will go on throughout the season as in the past. According to a recent despatch from Mr. Edmund Townshend in Calcutta, experienced pilots in Burma are anxious that air crews switching over from the European front should understand the hazards of monsoon flying. Daylight squalls are seen as formidable black cloud barriers 25 to 125 miles wide, but at night pilots often know only by the sudden violent bumping that they are heading for trouble. Detailed advice on flying in the monsoon season is set out in meteorological notes for air crews at operational stations. Airmen are urged to make a study of tropical meteorology. They are told that there are three types of monsoon squall—the white, which cannot be flown through except at 12,000 ft. to 16,000 ft.; the black, which may be flown through at 100 ft. to 300 ft.; and the brown, the worst of all. It is suicide to fly into a brown squall. Pilots are warned not to land in a squall, but keep clear until the short period of intensity is past. Faced with the deadly cumulo-nimbus, pilots must fly round it, turn back, or else go underneath it at 100 ft. to 300 ft. Even this is not possible when the cloud comes down to ground-level. Once a pilot has had personal experience of the monsoon he never flies into a squall unless he is forced to do it. "I went into a monsoon squall the first time to see what it was like," said one Australian squadron leader. "The second time I had to do it. That first time was the worst quarter of an hour in my life. I was flying a Liberator at 16,000 ft. over the Chin Hills when I met a dense black cloud towering 40,000 ft. I would have had to go 30 miles round. I went in. The aircraft was thrown about violently. All the instruments were haywire. By the airspeed indicator we were doing more than 200 miles an hour, but by the inclinometer we were going up 3,000 ft. a minute. Water streamed into the cockpit through the perspex joints like a forced-feed spray. It was like hitting a wall of water. Lightning flashed along the wings and round the airscrew. I thought we would never escape alive"



THE EXPERIENCES OF A LIBERATOR PILOT WHILST FLYING OVER THE CHIN HILLS OF BURMA DURING A MONSOON SQUALL: At 16,000 ft. he met a dense black cloud which towered up to 40,000 ft.; the aircraft was thrown about violently; lightning flashed about the wings; and the water streamed through the perspex joints—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (See notes above)

THE TYPE OF COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH OUR ARMIES IN BURMA ARE NOW ADVANCING: A scene in a country village up in the hills, where the Burmese priests teach the children to read and write in open-air schools. The only education they receive is imparted in this fashion: tuition still goes on in spite of the war—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

SCENES during the BURMESE CAMPAIGN

Where the Japs Have Counter-attacked Along the Sittang River

—Special Sphere Drawings

All over the Burmese countryside, on the road from Mandalay to Maymyo, are signboards similar to the one seen on the left in the drawing above: ungrammatical, misspelt, but grimly to the point, they contain orders put up by the Japs in English, Burmese and Japanese, telling of what will happen if orders are disregarded. Despite that the Japs have been cleared out of the country, their signboards remain. And, remote as Burma is from Western civilisation, the warnings are generally understood by the Burmese—for the education of the people is one of the functions undertaken during past years by the priests with which the country abounds. Every Buddhist boy is taught to read and write, and in this respect at least there are exceedingly few illiterate Burmans, and not many Shans. As soon as the boy enters one of the many monastic schools, he is set down in a big schoolroom and given a roughly-made black slate, fashioned of wood. On this the monk-teacher has written a few of the letters, perhaps the whole of the alphabet, and these the pupils alternately copy laboriously with soap-stone pencils and memorise by shouting out the sounds at the top of their voices. The noise of a monastery school suggests to the British soldier in Burma that the place is in turbulent revolt!

VITAL BRIDGES IN SIAM ARE DESTROYED BY LIBERATORS OF THE R.A.F.: The R.A.F. recently tightened the stranglehold on Japanese communications between Siam and Burma by destroying two important bridge crossings over the Meklong River at Kanchanaburi, 80 miles west of Bangkok. The two bridges—a nine-span steel girder erection and a wooden by-pass—were cut after daring low-level attacks in the face of sharp anti-aircraft fire. To the Japanese in the present retreat the loss of such crossings over the Meklong, now swollen and turbulent with the monsoon rains, increases their problems, as all supplies for the remnants of their army in Burma, both from Singapore and Bangkok, must cross the Meklong, and the only crossing is at Kanchanaburi. This low-level photograph was taken from an R.A.F. Liberator after the attack. Two of the spans of the main bridge have been destroyed and floating debris can be seen near by

WHAT THE MONSOON MEANS TO THE MEN OF THE FOURTEENTH ARMY: A Japanese 150-mm. gun knocked out by Sherman tanks and half-buried in mud. "Mopping-up" operations in Burma are now going on, through monsoon weather. When the enemy is Japanese, "mopping-up" is hard. It means winkling out every single soldier still remaining in the battle area, and remembering that only a dead Jap is a defeated Jap. It affects supplies, whether brought by air or road, makes food sometimes short, and usually monotonous. It can make the throwing of bridge after bridge across chaungs (small rivers) assume the proportions of a bridge-head operation, as chaungs are swollen to swift-flowing torrents and are usually covered by Japanese snipers. All this is undertaken by men whose clothing is never dry during the whole monsoon. To the Fourteenth Army at present the term "mopping-up" means far more than is apt to be inferred by the outside world

WHERE THE JAPS HAVE COUNTER-ATTACKED AT MYITKYO, ON THE BEND OF THE RIVER SITTANG, and driven back some advanced Allied positions—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Although Western Burma and Rangoon are getting back to peace conditions week by week, the task of ridding the country of the last Japanese troops has not proved easy, and monsoon conditions have naturally reduced the speed of operations. Separate bands of Japanese have been trying to force their way eastwards across the Sittang River, which flows due southwards across their path. While Allied forces were checkmating this effort higher up the river, Japanese forces counter-attacked in the region north-west of Pegu, where the Sittang is flanked by wide stretches of marshland. The fighting developed mainly at the point where the Pegu-Sittang canal joins the Sittang River at a pronounced loop. Allied troops were forced back at Myitkyo, and later at Naungkaske. They proceeded to develop positions between these two places. The Allied forces regrouped and exerted the necessary pressure to stop these Japanese thrusts, the initiative gradually passing into Allied hands. The marshy territory around the Sittang bend makes the use of tanks difficult, especially under the present monsoon conditions. The Jap forces appear to have been only just large enough to assert a local superiority for a short period

AT THE SITTANG RIVER CROSSING, THE JAP TROOPS ATTEMPTING TO FORCE THEIR WAY EASTWARDS ARE CAUGHT BY THE R.A.F., and their rafts are attacked and sunk. The enemy were attempting to reach the comparative safety of Siam—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The isolated bodies of Japanese troops which have been endeavouring to force their way eastwards to the Burma-Siam frontier have to cross the Sittang River at some point. The river runs due north and south, and there is no escape from this obstacle. Reports coming from the Pyinmara area tell of various attempts to cross the river by raft and local river craft. These were caught by Allied aircraft, with heavy casualties to the Japanese; artillery fire from Allied patrols working along the river also took its toll. The tracks leading eastwards to Siamese territory traverse very hilly country—all the good communication routes lead southwards to Rangoon and Moulmein

WHERE THE JAPS KEPT OUR PRISONERS OF WAR IN GAOL IN RANGOON: When British troops entered the city on April 30, they found 1,000—all under the leadership of Wing Commander Hudson, an Australian, who had organised them as Senior Officer—(*see note at right*)

NEWS-PICTURES FROM MANY QUARTERS

On left—

This gaol on Commission Road was used by the Japs to house Allied prisoners of war when they first occupied Rangoon. The new camp commandant appointed by the British since the Japs left has given the following information:

The Japs left the gaol on April 29, 1945; British troops entered on the 30th and found 1,000 prisoners under the leadership of Wing Commander Hudson, an Australian. He was Senior Officer; his adjutant was Lieut. Kerr, of the Burma Rifles. Clothing and food were brought to the prisoners immediately and they remained there until May 3, when the British took over. The prisoners left the gaol on the 4th.

They needed clothing, food, medical attention; most of them had skin diseases, scabies, etc. Their food was bad under Jap domination—consisting of rice, dried fish, and pumpkins and a little salt; conditions were passable, sanitary conditions were fair; the prisoners did their own cooking; water to wash and bathe with was furnished from wells in the gaol yard.

During the time they were prisoners the men were taken out in large groups to form work battalions, to be returned to their cell blocks at night. Most of the American and British prisoners were kept in solitary cells and had wooden beds.

THE "WAR ROOM" AT RHEIMS, where the German capitulation was signed, is handed back by the Americans to the city authorities: Maps are still on the walls, and the table and chairs all bear plaques with the names of the officers present at the capitulation

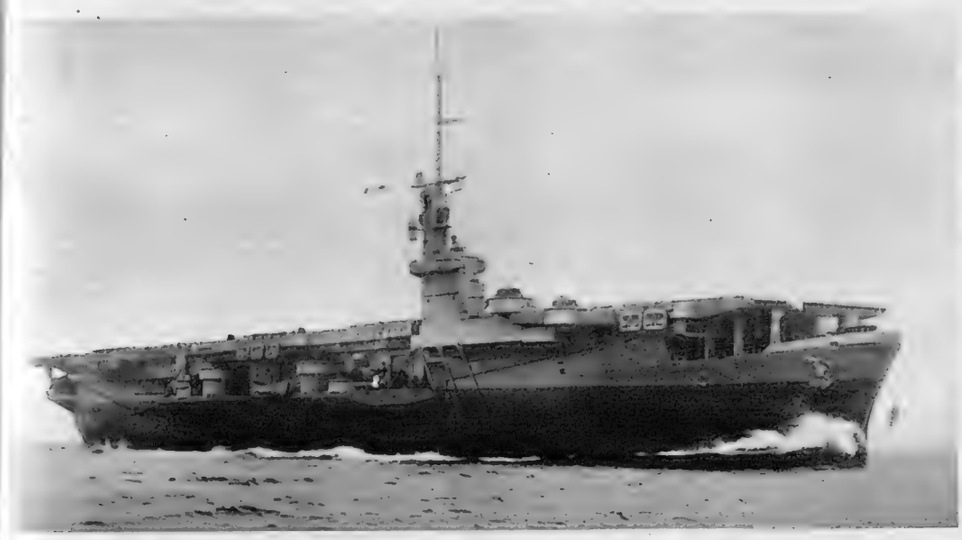
GENERAL LORD HANDS OVER THE KEYS of the schoolhouse at Rheims to M. Sicre, the Mayor: At a ceremony in the little schoolhouse in Rheims where the capitulation of Germany was signed, General Lord of the U.S. Army recently handed over the keys of the building to the Mayor, so that the historic building could be preserved for the city in perpetuity. These two pictures were taken during the ceremony. For a time, Rheims served as headquarters for General Eisenhower: the city has now been evacuated by the Americans, whose H.Q. are now located in Frankfurt, in Germany

THE PARENTS OF A FIJIAN V.C.: Lote Vulakara and Fani Kuva, father and mother of Corporal Sukanaivalu, after they had received their son's cross. The award, made at Suva, was a posthumous one. Corporal Sukanaivalu deliberately sacrificed his life to save his men, members of the Fiji Regiment, who were fighting beside the Americans on Bougainville, in the Solomon Islands. He was badly wounded while rescuing other wounded after a Japanese ambush, and his men refused to leave him to fall alive into the hands of the enemy. He knew they were in danger of capture, and therefore dragged himself up into the view of the Japanese and was riddled with machine-gun bullets

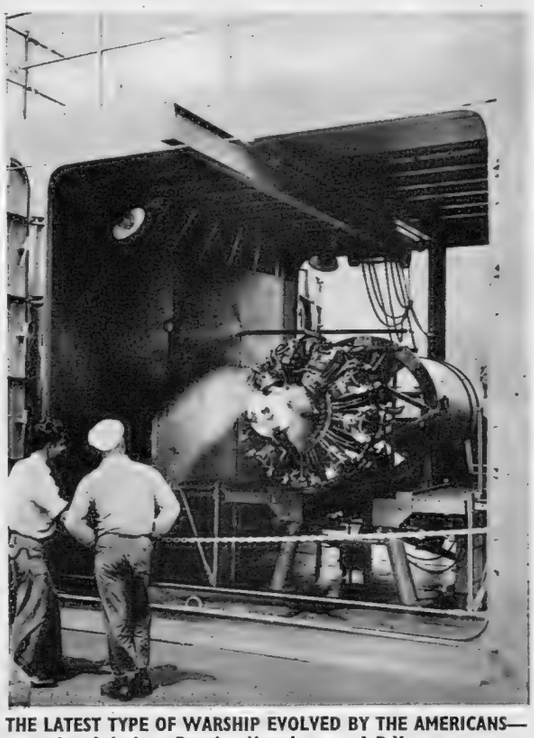
A RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHT TO INDIA BY AN R.A.F. MOSQUITO: A flight of 4,700 miles from Benson, in Oxfordshire, to Karachi, in India, in an overall time of 12 hours 25 minutes at the mean average speed of 376 m.p.h., was recently completed by an R.A.F. Mosquito piloted by Squadron Leader K. J. Newman and navigated by Warrant Officer R. E. Smith. The Mosquito was a standard reconnaissance aircraft and it carried full camera equipment. Three other Mosquitoes which had left Britain a day earlier also made the flight in less than thirteen hours. Here the record-breaking plane is seen on its arrival at Karachi. The pilot comes from New Zealand and the navigator from Essex

CANADIAN WARSHIPS ARE LAID UP IN HARBOUR—THEIR WARTIME CONVOY TASKS AT AN END—a scene in the spacious port of Sydney, Nova Scotia

Just inside the entrance to the spacious waters of Sydney, secured to big buoys, are ships of the Royal Canadian Navy which have now outlived their usefulness, following the cessation of the convoy system across the Atlantic. Mostly of the corvette class, the line of ships stretches for almost a mile in length. The ships are being stripped of all essential gear that can be of further use to the Navy prior to proceeding to Sorel, in Quebec, where they are turned over to the War Assets Corporation for subsequent break-up or disposal



A NEW TYPE OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, THE U.S.S. "PUGET SOUND," one of a class of twenty-seven now under construction in the United States: This is the first picture to be released by the Navy Department of a new type of converted merchantman-carrier. She has a displacement of 12,500 tons and a length of 550 ft. The picture was taken during the ship's successful trial run in the waters after which she was named



THE LATEST TYPE OF WARSHIP EVOLVED BY THE AMERICANS—the Aviation Repair Vessel, or A.R.V.: The U.S.S. *Chloris* is a new type of repair ship, designed to service aircraft engines whilst at sea. The vessel, called A.R.V. (E), was built on a Tank Landing Ship's hull and is spacious enough to contain all the equipment needed for engine repairs. She carries 125 expert mechanics. The *Chloris* and her companion A.R.V. (A) do not accompany the carriers, but anchor near a forward area airstrip

U.N.R.R.A. OFFICIALS MEET IN ROME: The heads of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Missions in Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania and Cairo, and U.N.R.R.A. officials from New York and London, met in Rome on July 6-7 to discuss supply problems. Shown at the opening session in this picture are—M. Sergeichic, head of the Yugoslav Mission; R. L. Cochran, U.N.R.R.A. Liaison Officer with the Allied Forces Headquarters in Caserta; R. G. A. Jackson, Deputy Director-General; and S. M. Keeny, head of the Italian Mission. Herbert Lehman, Director-General, was expected in Rome on July 7 from Washington to attend the meeting and to inspect U.N.R.R.A.'s relief work in Italy and the Balkans

FISHERMEN IN AUSTRALIA CATCH A 2,400-LB. SHARK: This monster was spotted by the young skipper of an Eden (south coast of New South Wales) trawler feeding on a dead whale. It was hooked by the eye-socket and killed by twenty bullets from a Service rifle. It was found to be 18 ft. long, weighed 2,400 lb., and yielded 999 lb. of edible fillets and 220 lb. of liver. Here it is seen being carved up on the jetty at Eden

"HUSH-HUSH" TROOPS PARADE IN CAIRO: Brigadier D. J. T. Turnbull, the Commander of the Raiding Forces, Middle East, with Prince Paul of Greece and Princess Frederika. Men whose role was so "hush-hush" that few knew of their existence—Englishmen and Greeks of Raiding Forces, Middle East—paraded at the El Alamein Club in Cairo on July 5 and were inspected by General Sir Bernard Paget, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, who afterwards took the salute at a march-past. These men terrorised the German occupation troops on the lonely islands of the Aegean, and not only made it necessary for the Nazis to use more than 40,000 troops on garrison duty, but also kept these troops in a state of nervous tension by their sudden swoops on to enemy-held territory. The Greek personnel are of the Greek "Sacred" Regiment, which is raised only when the country is in mortal peril, and this is only the third occasion on which it has been formed. They are commanded by Colonel C. Tsigantis

WHAT'S GOING ON IN ENGLAND

A Collection of Recent News-pictures from Many Farts of the Country

THE BELGIAN FISHERMEN LEAVE FOR THE CONTINENT: One of the boats leaving Dover, with bicycles and mattresses lashed to the rigging. When the Belgian fishermen who, since 1940, have been sailing out of Brixham, set their course for their homeland, the ten little ships carried all the family goods collected in the past five years. Beds and bicycles, chairs and carpets, took up every inch of deck-space. Mattresses were lashed to the rigging

THE TINY FISHING-VESSELS, WITH THE BELGIAN FLAG FLYING AT THEIR MASTHEADS, moored at a jetty in Dover Harbour before returning to their own country. Most of the fishermen came across the North Sea after the German invasion in 1940 and settled in Devon

THE INVASION OF HAMPTON COURT by crowds of Londoners: One of the popular places near London is Hampton Court, and each week-end the steamers make many journeys to this historic river resort, where thousands of people visit the famous Palace. Both on the outward and homeward journeys there are long queues of passengers. This picture was taken as people were lining up for the return passage

THE THAMES GARDENERS CULTIVATE VEGETABLES AT TEDDINGTON: Keepers of Teddington Lock, near London, have often won the Thames Conservancy competition for the best lock flower-gardens, but during the war their fine display of prize blooms has given place to vegetables. Here one of the keepers is hoeing the vegetable allotment on the former prize-winning flower-beds

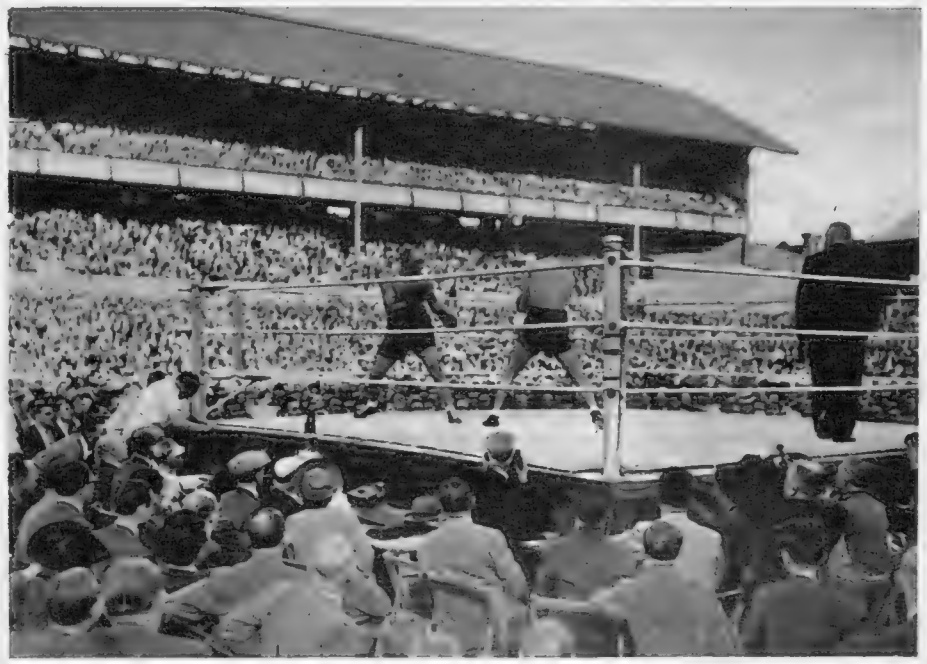
LONDON'S NEW LIGHTING on a by-pass road to the west: This is a stretch of the Uxbridge Road, near Ealing Common Station, lit by fluorescent daylight lamps; it is part of a five-mile stretch of the road through Ealing along which this modern system of lighting has been installed. It illuminates the whole of the traffic-way and side-walks, and makes the use of car head-lamps unnecessary

WOOLWICH GETS ITS PERMANENT PREFABRICATED HOUSES: Work is progressing on the erection of twenty-two "Howard" houses in Woolwich. They will each cost from £800 to £900. The houses are of the three bedroom, two living-room type. Here they are seen under construction. While some of the workers are completing the roof, others work on the installation of the sewage system

THE GLASS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL IS REPLACED—for the second time in twenty-six years, and by the same man: Mr. George Easton, on top of an 80-ft. scaffold, replaces a stained-glass window of St. John

MR. EASTON RE-LEADING A SECTION OF PRICELESS STAINED GLASS AT CANTERBURY: Mr. George Easton, of Chartham, in Kent, is fifty-one years old. For the second time in twenty-six years he is putting back the first of the Cathedral's priceless stained-glass windows, taken from their storage-place in the crypt, where they were placed to save them from the fury of the Luftwaffe's "Baedeker" raids. It will be a lengthy business—possibly three or four years—before all the windows are back in all their historic glory. Restoration of the stained glass after the last war took five years. Taken out for protection were forty-five panels of twelfth-century glass, and many complete windows, comprising several hundred panels dating back to the thirteenth century

MOTOR-CAR RACES RETURN—for the first time since the outbreak of war: Last week a car "Rally" took place on the Bevan Park estate at Cockfosters, in North London. For the first time since 1939, enthusiasts were able to witness the spectacle of racing-cars being run on a circular track. This picture shows one of the entrants—Mr. C. Mann, in his 3½-litre S.S.—and part of the good crowd which attended the meeting



OPEN-AIR BOXING—the first event of its kind since the war: A scene during the big fight in the Tottenham Hotspur football stadium, when Jack London (holder) was beaten by the newcomer, Bruce Woodcock. It is estimated that nearly 40,000 people were present to witness the contest, the first commercial boxing event to be held in the open air in England since 1939. Hitherto, restrictions have been imposed by the police on all such promotions owing to the danger of air raids. London is seen on the left: Woodcock on the right

AT SCHOOL WITH THE BULLDOZERS: *On left*—**The sort of gradient one of these huge machines can tackle.** *On right*—**A "Sheep's Foot" roller, which is used for consolidating the ground for aerodromes: it is found to be better than the smooth type of roller.** An out-of-the-ordinary institution in the R.A.F. is the School of Airfield Construction, situated in a disused gravel-pit about 20 miles from London. Here airmen are trained to operate bulldozer excavator tractors, graders and other mechanical monsters used by the R.A.F. for the construction of airfields in all parts of the world

THE EXPLOITS OF THE MODERN VIGILANTES

The Activities of an Organisation which Commandeers Unoccupied Houses for Homeless People

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE owners of property all over the country must be considerably worried about the reports of the so-called "Vigilantes," who first became operative in Brighton over a month ago. Led by a Mr. Harry Cowley, they have been moving homeless people into unoccupied houses, without a "by-your-leave" from the owners. Last week, the movement spread to London, and committees are now being formed in at least eighteen boroughs. These include Paddington, Queen's Park, Battersea, Kensington and West London. Two of the organisers are officers in the R.A.F. and another is in the R.A.M.C. By the time this appears in print, it is possible that a "Vigilante Federation" will have been formed. It can be presumed, however, that in the very near future a test-case will be heard. Already, solicitors acting for the owner of a house situated in Epsom have written to the occupier to tell him that he is trespassing, and that unless he leaves the house proceedings will be taken.

All this restlessness and unlawful procedure is directly due to three causes—the return of evacuees to non-existent homes, the need to find accommodation for troops now being demobilised, and the present restrictions imposed on builders by the Government.

Much publicity has been given to the activities of Mr. John Preen, of Elgin Avenue, Paddington, who has been put into the same category by the Press as the so-called "Vigilantes." In point of fact, Mr. Preen is a Conservative, not a Communist, and he does not wear the Hammer and Sickle emblem at the back of his buttonhole.

Mr. Preen has already installed no fewer than 195 families into empty houses in Paddington, and he is now proposing to extend his activities to Kensington, Hampstead and Willesden. In his office window is the following communication: "People of Paddington who are waiting for housing accommodation from the re-housing department of the Town Hall, please inform us, with full particulars. Something will be done."—Signed: J. C. Preen.

Mr. Preen is perfectly ready to talk—"The law cannot touch us," he explains, "unless a break-in is proved. Actually, I would very much like to have a case brought against me. I guarantee that I would be cleared by any jury." He went on to say that he has not had a single complaint from any of the landlords whose houses he has "commandeered." In many cases, landlords knew in advance that he was going to install a family, or families, into their houses. Even in the case of those where he put families into homes without consulting the owner, he has been ultimately congratulated. "Are you annoyed with my action?" he asked one owner, who telephoned after the *fait accompli*. "No, I am delighted!" was the reply. "It is about time something was done in this borough. I offered the house you have taken over to the Council a long time ago, for bombed-out people, and they refused."

According to the law, housebreaking by day or burglarious entry by night can only be proved if an entry has been forced. If, however, a window or door has been left open, the actual entry is not illegal. The reason why landlords are pleased at this apparently undesirable action is that they cannot get repairs done themselves because of red tape. They are not allowed to spend more than a certain amount of money on the aforesaid repairs; they cannot get the materials, nor the labour with which to effect them.

Mr. Preen and his colleagues, who include a baker and a newsagent, and might be described as the "Paddington Help Society," cut the Gordian knot by supplying the labour and materials (though they are short of brushes). Arrangements are made for gas and electricity and the other amenities, and they get the job done immediately. Mr. Preen seems to have no compunction on the score of spending more than the maximum amount of money permitted for repairs. He is lent vans by removal firms free, gratis and for nothing, in order to accomplish the removal of the necessary furniture.

Some of the landlords whose houses he has personally requisitioned have already agreed to pay for the necessary urgent repairs. As for paying the rent, each family which has been moved in—and they are practically all Service folk whose homes have been bombed—signs a document which reads as follows:

Agreement When Property is Occupied by Persons Who Are in Need of Accommodation.

I (or we).....now occupying No.....of....., Paddington, agree to do no damage whatsoever to the premises, and to pay rent when demanded by the owner or agent at the controlled rate. We also agree to accept suitable alternative accommodation, if offered by the Paddington Borough Council, or other responsible authority.

Signed by Tenant .....

Witness..... Date.....

When I encountered Mr. Preen, he was just on his way to the Town Hall to collect the names of owners of empty houses and find out why they were not let, and to discover what formalities had to be complied with before these houses could be available for letting. From the Town Hall he was going to the Ministry of Health, to place before them a list of empty houses and flats and another list of distressing cases. "If no satisfactory reply is received," he explained, "we will rehouse twenty families a day next week. This we can do, because we have been offered not only removal vans from different firms, but we also have 250 ex-Service men and sixty-five small shopkeepers who are helping us. Our volunteers include twenty-three women and two clergymen."

According to Mr. Preen, Paddington Borough Council has refused to grant permits for urgent repairs to numbers of houses which have since been rifled. Children and grown-ups have entered empty houses and removed lead-piping, sinks, basins, floorboards and joists without, apparently, any interference from the police. There are several houses the owners of which cannot be traced. One house, which was in perfect condition twelve months ago, has now lost its staircase, cistern, partitions, and even part of the flooring. At the present moment Mr. Preen has his eye on 34 houses and 213 flats, into which he proposes to put bombed-out families. This, aided by the keys of the landlord or house agent, is quite a simple matter.

Even men on a week's leave from the Continent are helping. Mr. Preen's telephone rings all the time. When I was there, a queue of people had formed up to ask for assistance and to give information about empty houses. According to Mr. Preen again, the Borough of Paddington claims that the Ministry of Health is responsible for the delays in re-housing, but there seems to be a general "passing of the buck" all round.

One outstanding case was that of a couple with nine children, who had been given two rooms and a kitchenette by a landlady who was sorry for them. The landlady has been heavily fined for allowing overcrowding, and again, according to Mr. Preen, the Borough Council insists that they must be thrown out immediately, though providing no alternative accommodation for them. This is in spite of the fact that there is an empty house only forty yards away.

The case of Mr. Preen, however, is very different from that of the Vigilantes, and time will show what court action will be taken.

The law of trespass is somewhat tricky. Most people now know that notice-boards bearing the words "Trespassers will be prosecuted" are meaningless, unless it can be shown that the trespassers have actually done damage to the property which they have entered. Trespass of the type committed by the Vigilantes is a civil and not a criminal affair, unless forcible entry can be proved. The Vigilantes presumably take the line that they are not entering forcibly. The police cannot turn them out once they are in, because it is a civil matter. The only legal action possible, unless definite damage to property can be proved, is a Court Order for eviction, which is liable to take some weeks to obtain and put into force. During that period of time the self-invited tenants have accommodation, and if the landlord accepts their offer to pay rent, their action is automatically condoned.

The latest development as I write is that the Brighton Town Council has decided to demand immediate powers from the Ministry of Health to requisition any property needed to house distressed families of Servicemen and civilians. A deputation of seven, including the Mayor, will probably have seen the responsible Minister by the time this appears in print. It is not surprising really that all this has happened. The apparent apathy or inefficiency on the part of the various Ministries has produced an issue which drives law-abiding citizens to desperate acts.

Above—"THE GUV'NOR"—Mr. Harry Cowley, the fifty-year-old leader of the Brighton Vigilantes, speaking on "The Level," Brighton's open space for free speech

On left—Mr. Cowley being interviewed by the police at the end of a speech made in Hyde Park last week

THE LONDON VIGILANTES AT WORK: Mr. John Preen, Paddington builder and estate agent, leads the party which, in nine days, put twenty-three families into unoccupied houses in the borough. One of his achievements was to put thirteen members of a scattered family into an eight-roomed house in Denholme Road: the furniture is seen arriving in the picture on the left. In the picture above, the method of the Vigilantes is illustrated: a window has been left open—so two of the men effect an entrance into the house

FRATERNISATION IN BERLIN

And Music for the German Civilians

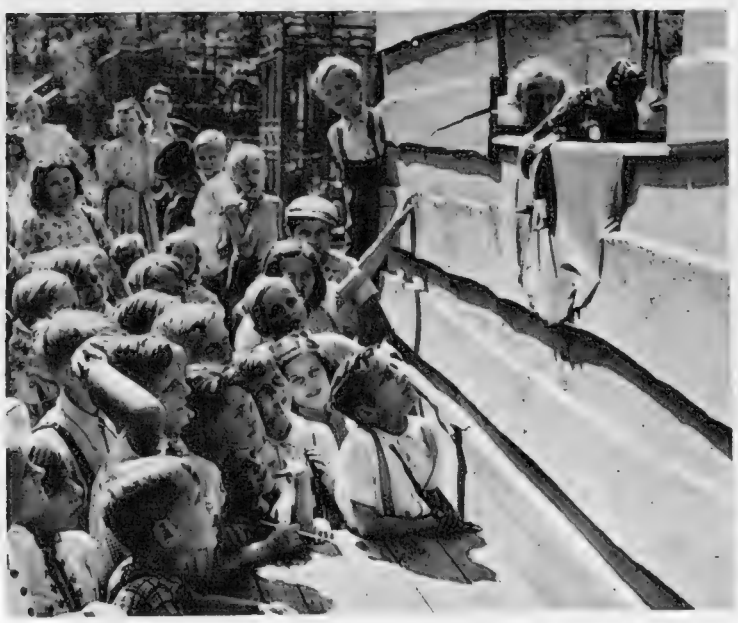
THE LIFTING OF THE "FRATERNISATION" BAN: Men of the B.L.A. and American soldiers dancing with German girls at one of the open-air cafés in the German capital

After much debate over the subject, and much comment in the Press, British soldiers and German girls may now meet in the Occupied territory. The Russians led the way, of course: the Red Army was never under the constraint to which our own men, and the Americans, were subject.

To-day, British and German may meet and "fraternise"—within limits. Dances, walks in the forest, picnics, are all permitted; but soldiers still may not enter German houses. And wherever the soldier goes, especially after dark, he must still carry his arms—for, despite the lifting of the ban, Germany is still enemy territory.

AFTER THE DANCE: Soldiers take their girl partners for a walk in the woods. Nevertheless, they carry their tommy-guns with them!

"RE-EDUCATION THROUGH MUSIC": A German band, in folk costumes, plays in the Tiergarten (the Berlin Zoo) to an audience of German citizens. "Let us give the Germans plenty of music, good theatres and decent human entertainment, and let them forget their goose-stepping and their military parades. . . ." So now the Allied authorities in Berlin encourage the return of simple entertainment. Bands can be heard in Berlin squares, young men and women attend open-air dances, etc. Here is a scene in the Tiergarten. Crowds are listening to a band in folk costumes playing in the beer garden. There is very little beer: they mostly drink soda-water. The band plays folk tunes instead of the hitherto almost unavoidable military marches



***On left*—LITTLE HANS SEES THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW in the bombed Berlin Zoo:** The Allied authorities in Berlin consider it as one of their most urgent tasks to prevent the young generation of Berliners from running wild. Schools, homes, playgrounds are destroyed: everything must be built from scrap. In the meantime, the children must be kept from mischief. Here is a Punch and Judy show organised in what is left of the Tiergarten

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

HISTORY, PAST AND PRESENT

Viscount Samuel's Memoirs; The Motor Industry and the War; A War Correspondent "Unashamedly Quakes"; Mrs. Churchill's Russian Visit

IN one of those famous phrases of meretricious prescience, Disraeli said: "Read no history, nothing but a biography, for that is life without theory." Naturally, the sally has more point if it is remembered that at the time history lay under the pall of the tendentious miasma of the Whig historians. But Disraeli was right in the instance under review. Whatever brand of historical scholar sets out to interpret the political and social history of the first half of the present century will not be able to neglect **MEMOIRS** by Viscount Samuel (Cresset Press. 15s.).

A sub-editor on a popular newspaper might use as a sub-head to a story on this book, "What happened to the Whigs?" In Liberal circles it is fashionable to ascribe the disintegration of the party to Lloyd George, but it is evident from Lord Samuel's scrupulously fair and almost objective record that the seeds of discord and distrust went far deeper. That the Liberal Party harboured, and still does harbour, a type of middle-course, temporising politician, always prepared to take a short-term view for a political advantage, is plain in the records of the past twenty-five years. The country has also been treated to another exhibition of the same thing during the past few weeks.

Lloyd George, for all his faults, had roots deep in Radicalism, and was responsible for more progressive social legislation than any one Liberal statesman.

In Viscount Samuel we find the truest type of the best in Liberal statesmanship. A philosopher, as well as a man of action, he has never deviated from the finest traditions of public service. In the times when he was out of office, while his party was chaffering in the wilderness, he was putting in valuable work in Palestine and later on the Coal Commission, and doing much to heal the industrial wounds left by the General Strike.

Back in office again in Ramsay MacDonald's Coalition Government, he strove to hold the balance fairly and reasonably until it became obvious that he could do so no longer. If I have touched on the controversial issues, which are of necessity raised in this book, it is not that I do not appreciate the non-controversial quality of the book as a whole. Unmistakably it bears the stamp of the author's great qualities, and without doubt it will live as long as history lives.

With his usual competence, and with his ability to take a very large subject and to turn it into an absorbing story, Mr. Charles Graves, in **DRIVE FOR FREEDOM** (Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.), produces a vivid picture of the war effort of the motor industry of Great Britain, from small garages to vast shadow factories, and how, with an amazing record of adaptability and improvisation, the industry "went to it" after Dunkirk. In this connection, it may be interesting to restate what I believe is not properly appreciated in this country or in the United States, that up to the end of the war with Germany this country produced more than 75 per cent. of the total equipment of the Commonwealth and Empire Forces, exclusive of vast quantities of war material shipped to Russia.

Perhaps the chapter I like best in Mr. Charles Graves' narrative is called "A Potpourri of Secret History." Did you know, for instance, that jet propulsion was being experimented with as far back as 1941; that in the same year plans for the Mosquito were being made; that all sorts of types of amphibious vessels were made by the motor industry, as were the engines which drove the winches for the balloon barrages; that if it had not been for the Merlin engine the Mustang would probably have never made its name? This British engine has increased the Mustang's speed by well over 100 miles per hour, and makes it one of the most formidable fighting aircraft in the world.

The secret of our success in battering down the immense fortifications of the Atlantic Wall has not yet been released. The arrangements were made verbally between Whitehall and a certain motor firm, who invented as well as produced the device. Plentifully illustrated, it is a grand story, grandly told.

Mr. Duncan Norton-Taylor's **I WENT TO SEE FOR MYSELF** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is not just another book by a war correspondent in the Pacific, but it has a distinctly personal flavour and a quality all of its own. For some time he had been writing war commentaries for the magazine *Time*, but that troubled him, for, as his title implies, he wanted to go and see for himself.

In the words of that idiotic song made famous by Bette Davis, he belonged to that generation which was "either too young or too old," "too young to fight in the last war, too old to be drafted into this one—one of the in-between, slack-tied generation." So after having taken some language lessons from a Chinese lady in San Francisco, whose four-year-old daughter (who speaks "perfect Mandarin") stares solemnly at him while he makes statements such as "Men are not cows," he leaves his wife and daughters and sets forth "with my heart in my mouth."

Unashamedly quaking, he takes the long hop by aeroplane to Honolulu, where he discovers that in Hawaii, so vital to America's naval strategy, there are 157,000 people of Japanese birth, or 37 per cent. of the population. Interesting and important information of this sort is lightly folded into his narrative with charming descriptions of (for instance) his reaction to his "Certificate of Assimilation," which entitled him to the privileges of a prisoner of war.

From Pearl Harbour—upon the salvage operations he has some prescient observations—the author goes via Fiji to New Caledonia, and gets on board a destroyer on convoy duty to Guadalcanal. From then on begins a series of frightening adventures at sea. The brilliant climax of the book is the astonishingly clear picture of the chaotic night battle in Kula Gulf on July 6, 1943, in so far as a clear picture of chaos is possible. The author was terrified, and the reader is terrified too.

I recommend this book not only as an intensely interesting picture of the Pacific War, but as a human story of more than passing interest.

Mrs. Churchill has written an account of her journey to the Soviet Union earlier this year and will devote all the profits from the sale of the little book to the charity of which she is the founder and head—the Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund—which has already collected over £7,000,000 in a magnificent cause.

MY VISIT TO RUSSIA (Hutchinson. 1s.) is a straightforward account of the most interesting moments, the highlights, as it were, of that trip: the sight of ruined Stalingrad and the huge common grave in its public square where many of the city's defenders lie, and named "The Brothers' Graves"; the children's hospitals, where the little patients are still being treated for wounds and starvation incurred in the siege of Leningrad; other children in an Aimean sanatorium camp singing in harmony the Song of Lenin; and VE-Day itself, which Mrs. Churchill spent in Moscow, hearing her husband's voice over the Embassy wireless broadcasting the news for which the world had been waiting. The French statesman M. Herriot was present, just released from captivity in Germany, and after that broadcast he said to Mrs. Churchill: "I am afraid you may think it unmanly of me to weep. But I have just heard Mr. Churchill's voice. The last time I had heard his voice was on that day in Tours in 1940, when he implored the French Government to hold firm and continue the struggle. . . ."

The book concludes with Mrs. Churchill's own prayer, as she turned to take a last look at Moscow: "May difficulties and misunderstandings pass, may Friendship remain."

AMERICA'S NAVY HERO COMMEMORATED at his Scottish birthplace: The gallantry of John Paul Jones, hero of the United States Navy in the War of Independence, was commemorated at his birthplace at Kirkbean, in Kirkcudbrightshire, when a font, presented by officers and men of the American Navy, was unveiled by Lieutenant Ralph M'Combe, representing Admiral Harold R. Stark, Commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, in the eighteenth-century parish church, a view of which is seen above. The service was conducted by Lieut.-Commander A. S. Chandler, of the American Navy, and by the Very Rev. Archibald Main, Minister of Kirkbean

THE NEW MEMORIAL FONT in the Parish Church at Kirkbean: Dr. Main, Minister of Kirkbean, dedicating the memorial font, with Lieut.-Commander A. S. Chandler (on left) and Lieutenant Ralph M'Combe

A PROTÉGÉ OF JOHN McCORMACK: Twenty-three-year-old Stephen Lynch with his patron, Count John McCormack, the famous tenor. Stephen Lynch, whose beautiful tenor voice has been heard several times on the radio, has been hailed as "the new McCormack"

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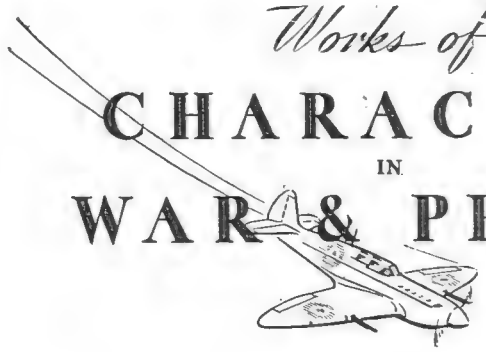

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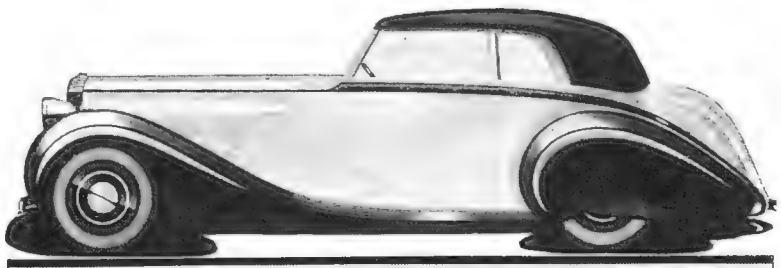

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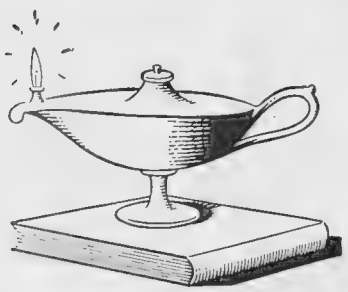

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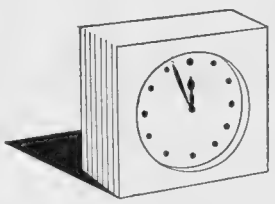

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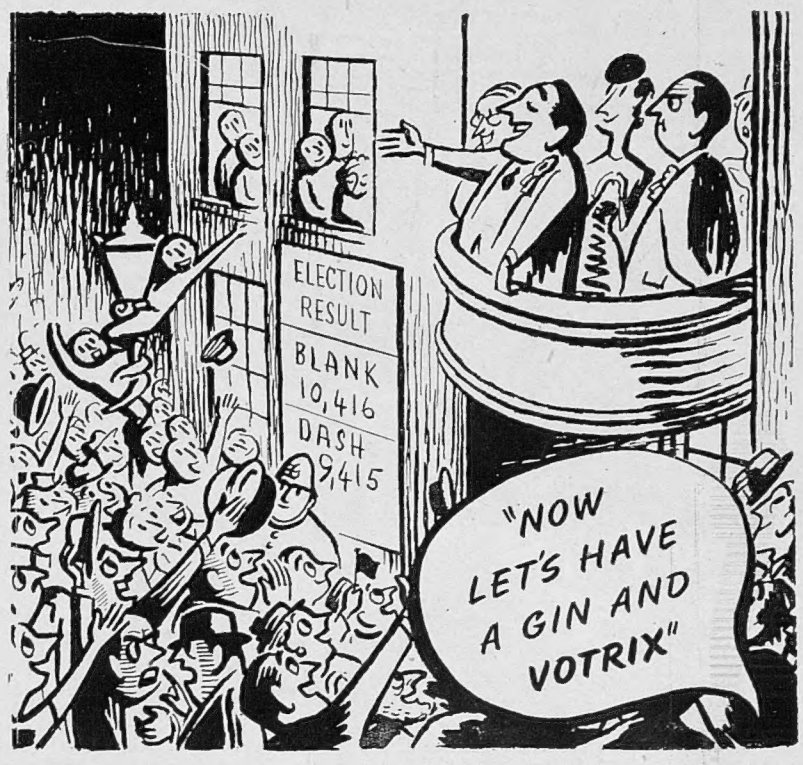

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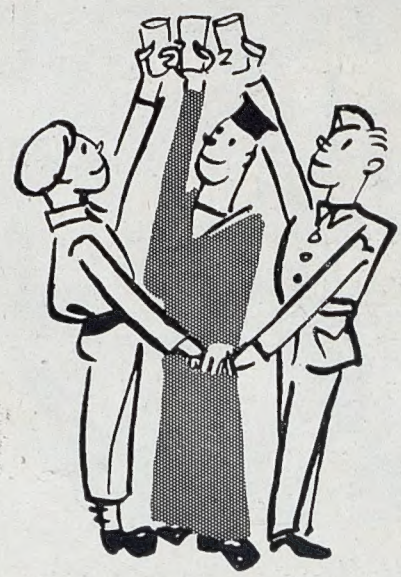

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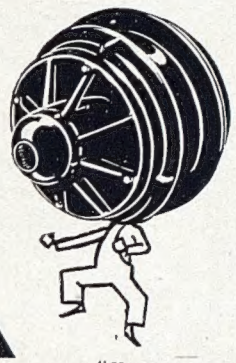

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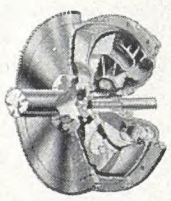

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